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Beth felt a wave of envy

for the woman in the green sedan

B 677786

Beth knew the couple with the green sedan had been married for years. Yet he was attentive as a bridegroom. "If only George were like that", she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs in the mouth. Tests show Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth instantly, on contact—to help keep breath fresher, sweeter, longer.

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stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

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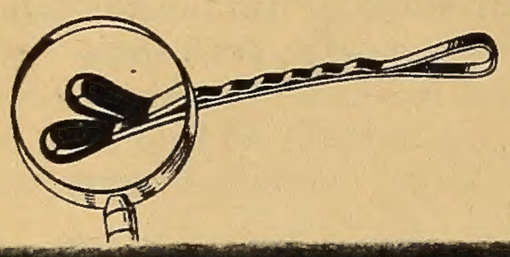

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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Sixty, Number Three — November, 1957

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ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, NOW STARRING IN THE WARNER BROS. FILM, "THE PAJAMA GAME"

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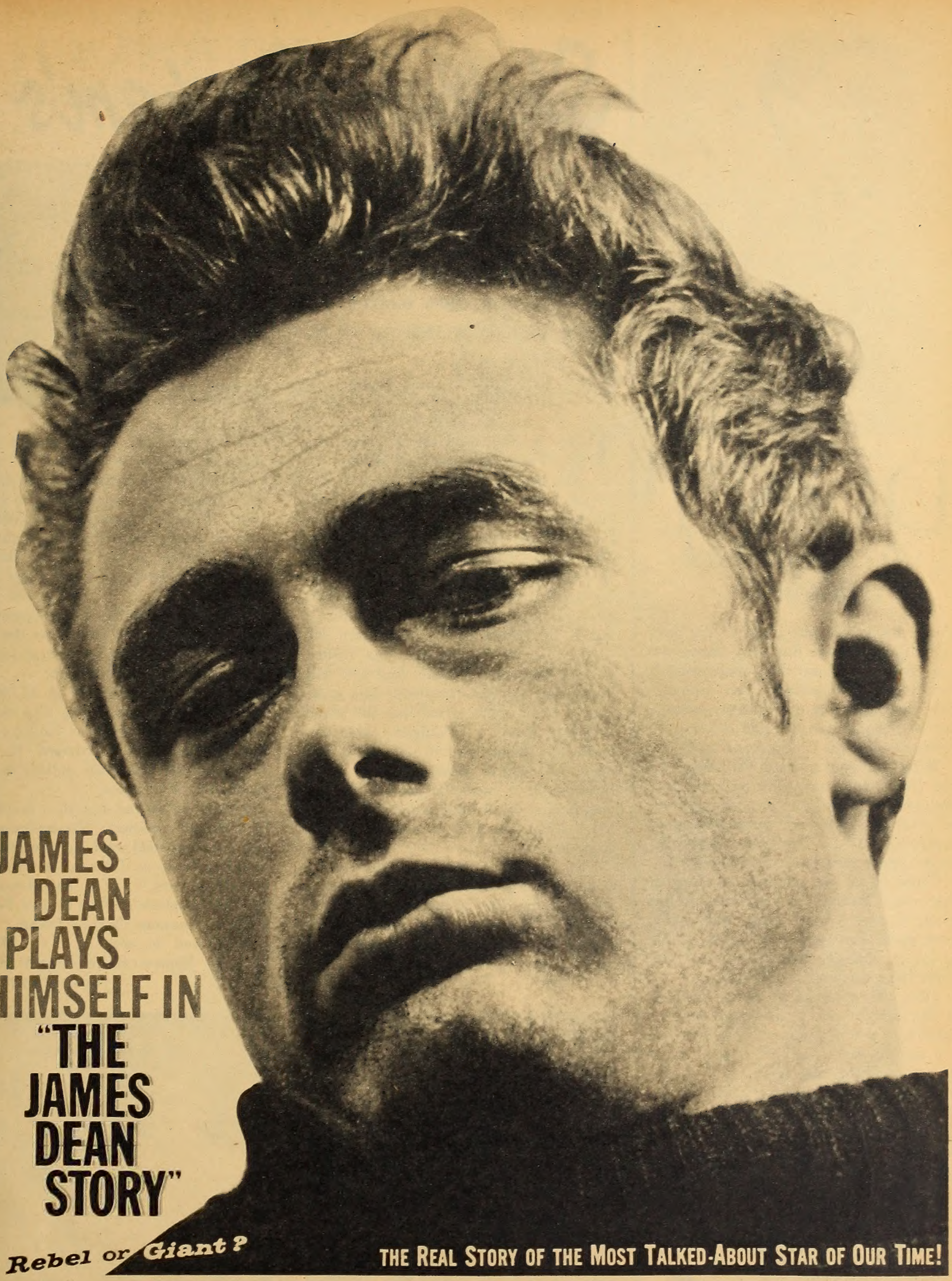


JAMES DEAN PLAYS HIMSELF IN "THE JAMES DEAN STORY"

Rebel or Giant?

THE REAL STORY OF THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR OF OUR TIME!

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE — A THRILL TO REMEMBER! presented by WARNER BROS.

Hear **TOMMY SANDS** *sing* ***"LET ME BE LOVED"***

Written by STEWART STERN
who wrote the screen play for 'Rebel Without A Cause

Produced and Directed by
GEORGE W. GEORGE and ROBERT ALTMAN

DON'T
turn your back on comfort!

You'd think we were back to the days of hoop skirts and fluttering fans—the way you act when time-of-the-month comes around! Putting up with unnecessary discomfort and embarrassment—just as though *Tampax* had never been invented—and by a doctor, at that!

What are you waiting for? Why do you continually turn your back on *freedom, comfort, confidence?* It's time you see for yourself—Tampax® internal sanitary protection is the daintiest, most *convenient* protection you could have!

Think of it! No chafing, binding or irritation! Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. Does away with belts, pins, pads. Can't cause odor. Is simple to insert, change, dispose of. And you never have carrying problems!

Time you face up to facts! Tampax is the *modern* way—the *nicest* way of handling "problem days." Give it a trial—a simple trial—and you'll *never* want to use anything else! Ask for Tampax, wherever drug products are sold. Choose from 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Invented by a doctor now used by millions of women—

Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- *SOPHIA LOREN DAZZLES BLASE HOLLYWOOD*
- *MARLON BRANDO TO DO ROMEO?*

THIS is Sheilah Graham, reporting what's new and true, from Hollywood. . . . The best kept secret of the year was Vivien Leigh's illness when she and husband, Laurence Olivier, were touring Europe last summer, ostensibly with Shakespeare's tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," but actually on a good-will mission for the British government. Vivien's sickness was given out as pneumonia. But it was a recurrence of the breakdown she suffered in 1953 when she was rushed back to England by plane. And who will ever forget the sad picture of this great actress being half-carried into the plane by Danny Kaye? . . . Paulette Goddard is on the Paramount payroll until 1960. She made the deal 20 years ago. This is the smartest, most energetic gal I have ever met. And she'll be signing her name Mrs. Erich Remarque just as soon as his divorce is final.

Elvis Presley's manager, the canny Colonel Tom Parker, has been refusing TV shots for Elvis at the rate of $40,000 a throw. "If people can see him for nothing on TV, how can I get $250,000 a picture for him?" argues the Colonel. . . . And I'm sorry for pretty Yvonne Lime. She had Presley on the verge of matrimony, but his advisers were agin it. . . . The cheapest buy, picture-wise in Hollywood, is Jayne Mansfield—$60,000 for four pictures. There'll be some changes in her contract, or the girl with the biggest front in Hollywood will stage a sit-down strike.

Her Grace Kelly has a democratic pen. The people to whom she writes the most in the film colony are her ex-stand-in and her hairdresser at Paramount. . . . Cary Grant made a minimum of $1,600,000 from his last four pictures. This elegant actor is almost as clever as Paulette Goddard in the cash department. He gets 10% from the first gross dollar. And we should all be so gross.

Kirk Douglas was described this-a-way by a British reporter: "His eyebrows are like worn-out steel wool pot scourers. His light hair looks as if it was cut with blunt hedge clippers." . . . The dream of Charles Laughton's life is to play Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This I can't wait to see. . . . Or Marlon Brando's Romeo, which he will do on

continued on page 10

SUPPER party after gala film premiere is attended by John Wayne and wife Pilar.

CENTER of attraction at a filmland party, Sophia Loren has a chat with Cary Grant.

The best fun throughout the ages and the raciest hit of the Broadway stage is

A GEORGE ABBOTT AND STANLEY DONEN PRODUCTION

The Pajama Game

Heinzie - - the slacker who lost his slacks!

How they play the 'Pajama Game' on that picnic in the woods!

Sid - - the 'Hey There' hero who blew his top!

Gladys - - the 'Steam Heat' girl!

starring

Doris Day

as 'Babe' – and the wonderful cast of the Broadway play!

John Raitt · Carol Haney · Eddie Foy, Jr.

with Reta Shaw • Screen Play by GEORGE ABBOTT and RICHARD BISSELL

Produced and Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT and STANLEY DONEN

Based upon the Play 'The Pajama Game' · Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell · Music and Lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross

Produced by Brisson, Griffith and Prince

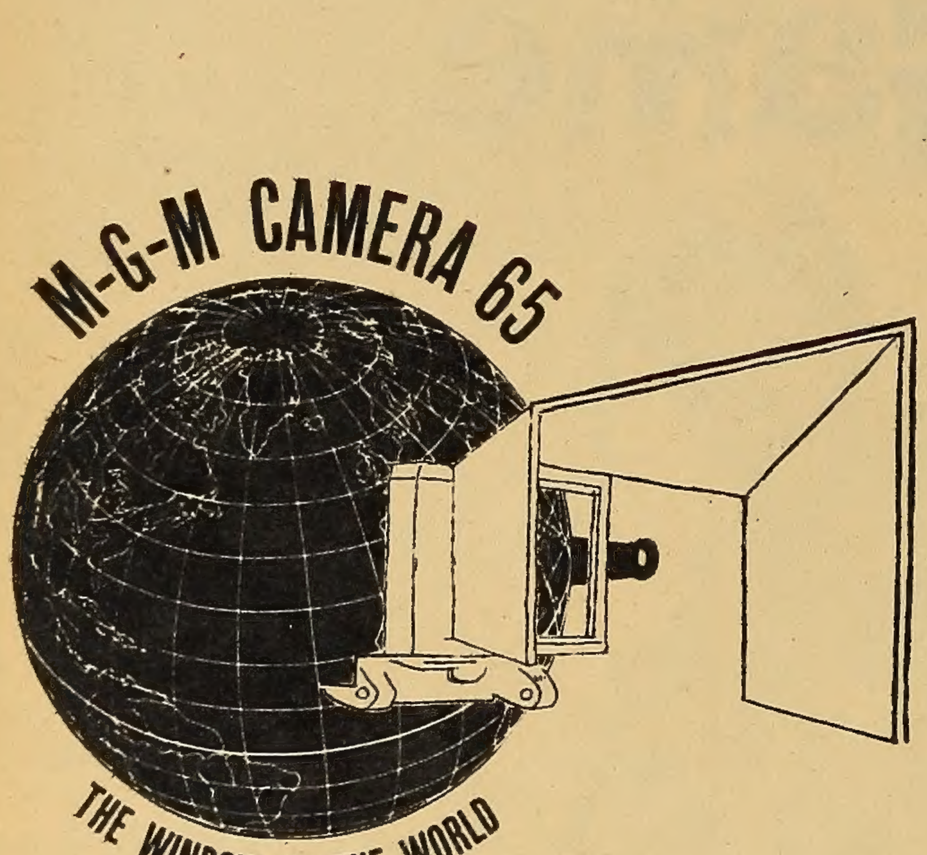
Hey There! Hernando's Hideaway! Steam Heat! Seven and a Half Cents Small Talk!!! and all the rest!

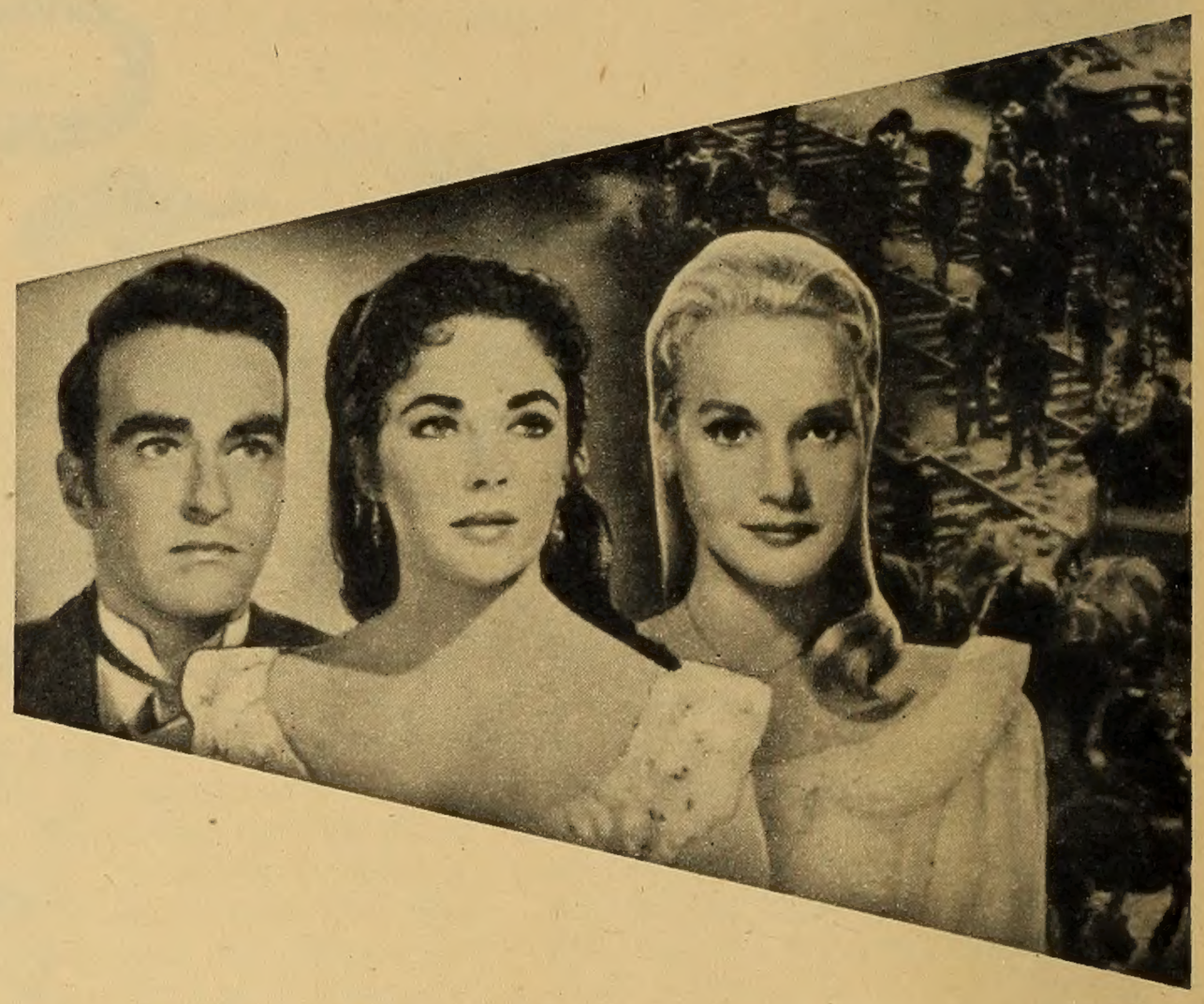
IT'S ALL ON THE SCREEN!

EVERY EVER-LOVIN' THRILL OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST SMASH ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL TIME!

IN WARNERCOLOR FROM WARNER BROS.

A MOTION PICTURE EVENT! First to be filmed in the fabulous new M-G-M Camera 65 process is the prize-winning panoramic novel "Raintree County".





M-G-M presents in M-G-M CAMERA 65

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR

as Susanna Drake

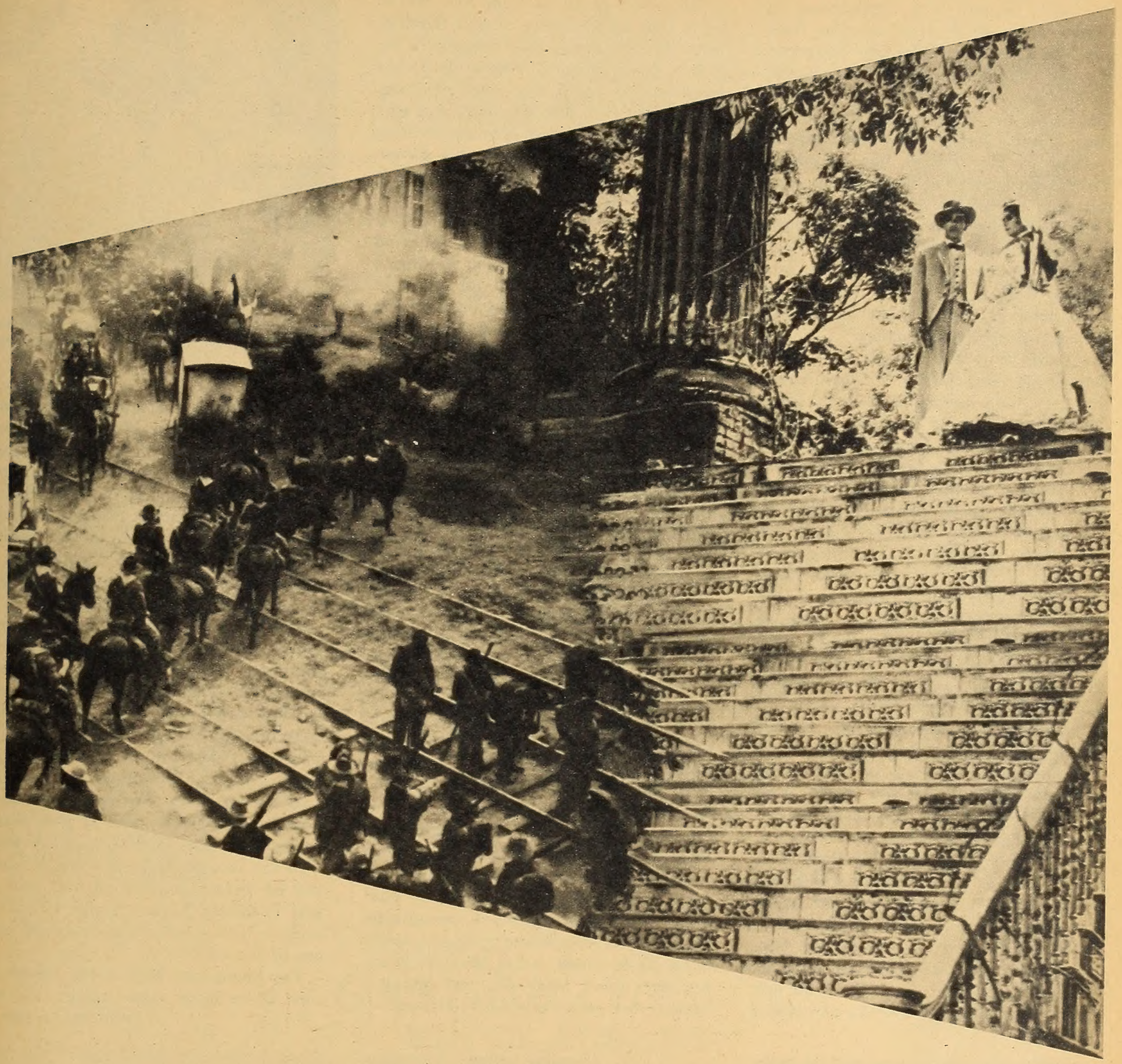
EVA MARIE SAINT

as Nell Gaither

in

RAINTREE COUNTY

In the great tradition of Civil War Romance



co-starring

NIGEL PATRICK • LEE MARVIN with ROD TAYLOR • AGNES MOOREHEAD

WALTER ABEL • JARMA LEWIS • TOM DRAKE • Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN Associate Producer

Based on the Novel by Ross Lockridge, Jr. • Print by TECHNICOLOR® • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • Produced by DAVID LEWIS

AN M-G-M PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

stage or for the screen. . . . Marlon, by the way, brought the temperature in France down 20 degrees when he froze after the question, "Whatever happened to your engagement to Josanne Berenger?" And the one place he did not visit there was the village where her family lives. But I'll buy it, what did happen?

Tony Perkins would like to marry Venetia Stevenson but doesn't quite have the nerve to ask her. He cautiously reveals, "I like her a lot; she's wonderful." . . . Bob Hope wanted to include in "Beau James" the famous crack of the late Jimmy Walker, "I've been reading so many terrible things about liquor, I'm thinking of giving up reading." . . . The two movie stars I'm sorriest for—Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters. Something is always happening to them. But I don't think anything can stop Shelley's new mate, Anthony Franciosa, from being the biggest male star in Hollywood. . . . Things I wonder about: Why Diana Dors switched from Dennis Hamilton to his double, Tommy Yeardye. I can't tell the difference between them. But maybe Diana can. In their settlement, Hamilton took a block of apartments, the Thunderbird, a coffee bar, a yacht, a night club, a farm and various other pieces of real estate. What did Diana get? "My home and my future earning capacity," she slipped to the press.

No foreign star ever made more friends in Hollywood than sultry Sophia Loren. This beautiful Amazon is cooperation plus. Interesting that she didn't meet Anna Magnani, until they both worked on adjoining sound stages in Hollywood.

The London premiere of "My Fair Lady" next April is advertised with this advice: "If you couldn't get seats to see Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews on Broadway, let us book you for the London season. Tickets and return plane seats now available." . . . What an odd story to go the rounds that Alec Guinness was renouncing his acting career to become a Trappist monk. When Alec denied the rumor, he added whimsically, "I don't think my wife would like it."

Why did a lovely girl like Kim Novak go to Italy to see Italian Count Bandini, instead of vice versa? The Count is in the canned goods business. But surely he has more time to travel than the very busy Miss Novak. . . . I've just found out why Jayne Mansfield's gown was so revealing at the cocktail party for Sophia Loren. She wore it without the foundation sent with the dress by designer Elgee Bove.

It shouldn't be long now before Richard Egan and Pat Hardy say "I do." And mean it for life. They've been waiting to be absolutely sure. . . . And wasn't it lucky Ava Gardner had to wait so long to get her divorce from Frank Sinatra, or she'd have jumped into a hasty marriage with Walter Chiari. . . . Hugh O'Brian's face was very red at the last rodeo he attended. A moppet was quicker on the draw and stole his Wyatt Earp badge.

Virginia Mayo is just breathing until October when her contract at Warners expires. She has made few and far between pictures for her home studio in recent years. And she wants to be free for a TV series with husband Mike O'Shea.

Eddie and Debbie Fisher are having house problems. Can't seem to settle for the right one. But the vacation in Europe has been good for them. Debbie loves Eddie more when he is away from his entourage—advisers, to you and me. . . . To go back to the housing question, it's kind of ironic that Edward G. Robinson had to pay $100,000 to buy his own house in Beverly Hills. Gladys, the ex Mrs. R., received $50,000. Eddie bought back a few of the paintings he sold for three million dollars to that Greek ship owner. And he will marry constant pal Jane Adler when Gladys picks up that final decree. . . . The height of incongruity. Natalie Wood at a recent premiere, sporting a white streak in her brunette locks. But she didn't look old, just happy—because her escort was Nicky Hilton.

GLAMOUROUS sisters Debra Paget and Lisa Gaye arrive together at film premiere.

Anne Baxter is corresponding, in Spanish, with bullfighter Antonio Ordonez. . . . June Allyson can't get fat and Judy Garland can't get thin—and Judy isn't going to try any more. She feels better with the extra pounds. . . . And Claudette Colbert has to eat candy for her health, while Ann Sothern shouldn't but does. It would be fun to shake them all up in a bag and bring them out just right.

In spite of their divorce, Victor Mature and ex-wife Dorothy's son continue their father-son relationship. Like Tyrone Power, Vic swears he'll never wed again. But I'm sure Ty will. Ditto Vic. It's Mai Zetterling for Ty. But who for Vic? Too many right now for me to make an accurate guess. . . . No wonder the stars like working for John Wayne. When Duke loaned Bob Stack to U-I, he gave him a bonus of close to $30,000. . . ..While we're with the money, Mike Wilding revealed that he owns part of an oil well with ex-wife Elizabeth Taylor. Yields him $3.50 a day—"gross, before they take the sand out of the oil."

Pat Boone can have a big screen career if he loses some weight. He was

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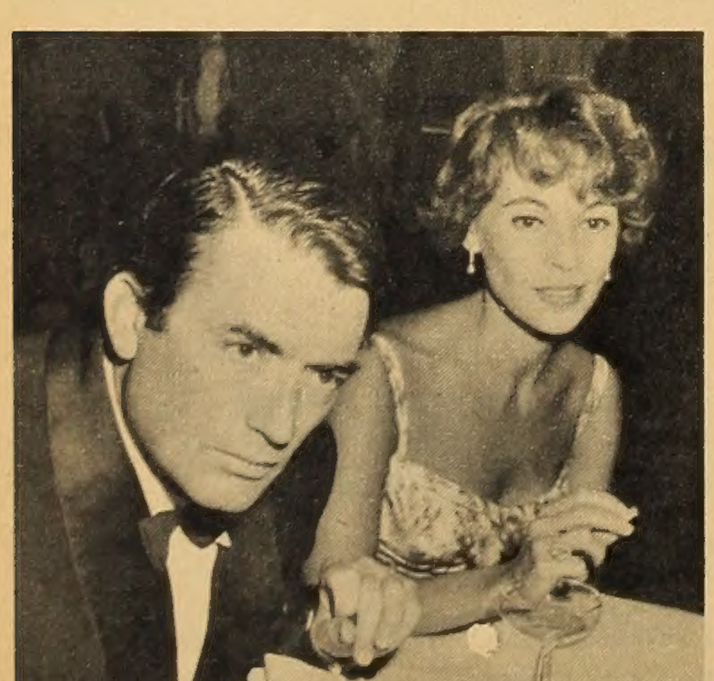
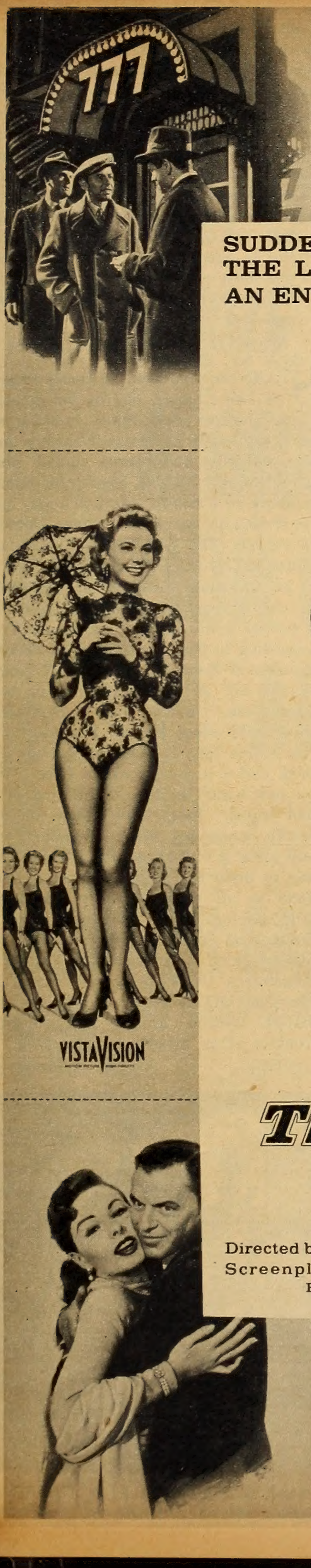


TABLE conversation gets Gregory Peck's full attention as wife Veronique looks on.

ITALIAN movie actress Gina Lollobrigida proudly shows off one-day-old son, Milko, Jr.

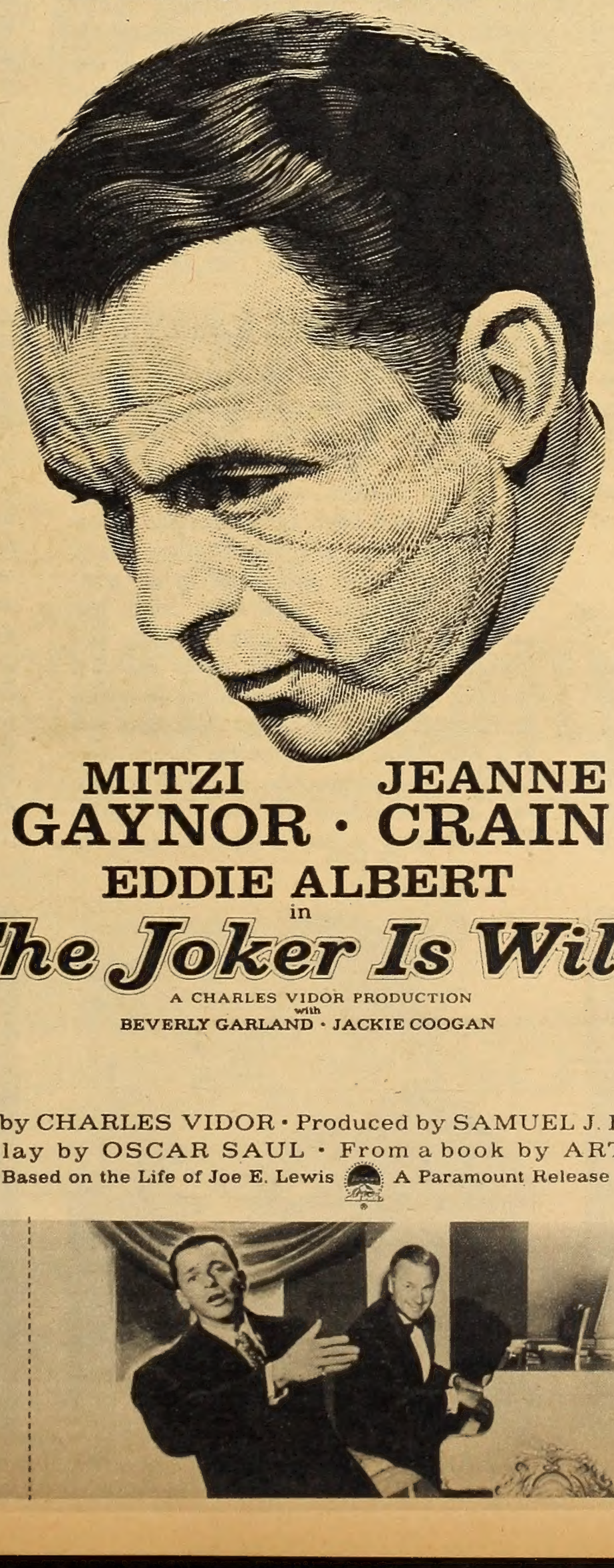
BIG buss is given Jane Russell by Danny Thomas for helping him with pet charity.



SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT TURNS...AND IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE, THE HEART OF AN ENTERTAINER IS CANDIDLY REVEALED!

FRANK SINATRA

Now he stands alone...the most electric personality of our time slams home his most shocking and realistic performance!



MITZI GAYNOR · JEANNE CRAIN

EDDIE ALBERT

in

The Joker Is Wild

A CHARLES VIDOR PRODUCTION

with

BEVERLY GARLAND · JACKIE COOGAN

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR · Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN

Screenplay by OSCAR SAUL · From a book by ART COHN

Based on the Life of Joe E. Lewis · A Paramount Release

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

No Sleep Till Dawn

ONE of the best sergeants the Army Air Force ever had, Karl Malden allows daughter Natalie Wood to lower a veil of materialism over his piercing blue eyes. Until Natalie-baby started hankering for all sorts of things money can buy and Malden's paycheck couldn't afford, her dad was so wrapped up in the Air Force that his wife, Marsha Hunt, could have sued the USAF as "the other woman." But to keep his only child in convertibles and out of pilot Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.'s reach, Malden decides to quit the Army and snuggle up to a high-paying executive's job. The decision finally made, wouldn't you know it, he's just *got* to make that last test flight with Zimbalist! This Warnercolor cheering section for the Strategic Air Command makes very effective recruiting material —especially if each base could come equipped with a reasonable facsimile of Natalie. (Warner Bros.)

House Of Numbers

NEATLY turned-out thriller that adds some fresh frills to an old hat puzzler. His convict brother facing a possible death sentence if the San Quentin prison guard he attacked dies, Jack Palance agrees to help him escape. The fact that no convict had ever successfully escaped from San Quentin doesn't stop Palance. Instead of getting his brother out, his plan hinges on his sneaking *into* the prison. The plan is fantastically clever and would have succeeded but for one important slip-up: Palance didn't reckon on his brother who was apparently missing a sense of fair play and a few marbles. Playing two roles doesn't seem to tax Palance's talents. He just lowers his hairline for the bad guy, and speaks in soft, educated tones for the good guy. There's a girl in this too, Barbara Lang, who wears tight slacks and her heart on her sleeve for Palance. (MGM.)

The Golden Virgin

LIKE a lot of folks who attempt to discover why they suffer the way they do, wealthy Bostonian Joan Crawford goes back to the past, which to her is the mean splotch of an Irish village where she had been born. Instead of an answer, she finds a child, Heather Sears, made deaf, dumb and blind in an accidental explosion. Separated from her gadabout husband, Rossano Brazzi, and with no one to love, she takes the girl back to America. Nourished by love and professional help, Heather blossoms out in a few years to become the living symbol for the thousands of deaf, dumb and blind children all over the world. Through her, money begins to pour in to help the school that taught her to communicate again with the outside world. And it's this lush smell of greenbacks that lures the vagrant Brazzi back to his wife's arms. Once there, he peeks out from under Joan's sheltering wing and likes what he sees—besides diverting the contributions into his own coffers, there's the added attraction of very pretty Heather. In this drama that pummels the daylights out of decency, Joan suffers with a minimum of close-ups, and Brazzi is uncomfortably effective as one of the most evil cads ever to creep into a young girl's bedchamber. (Columbia.)

Man Of A Thousand Faces

STARS the very versatile James Cagney as Lon Chaney, one of the greatest movie stars of silent films. Starting out as a vaudeville comedian Chaney's professional life was almost ruined when wife Dorothy Malone attempted suicide publicly in a frantic effort to repay him for ending her career as a singer. Dorothy recovered, but the ill-fated marriage ended in divorce. Their only son is placed in an orphanage until Chaney can prove he can support the child and give him a proper home. From that moment on, according to this, he swore he'd become a financial Rock of Gibraltar. A genius in the art of theatrical make-up and pantomime, Chaney was a chameleon who could adapt himself to almost any role called for. In time, he got his boy back *and* a new wife—Jane Greer. But his past wasn't as dead and buried as he had hoped. Years later, when the boy finally found out his real mother was still alive, it was almost too late for Cagney to undo the terrible wrong he had done to all of them. The occasional glimpses into the era of silent films is fascinating, especially when Cagney duplicates such Chaney horrors as "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame" and "The Phantom Of The Opera," but this primarily revolves around the domestic troubles of an incredible man. (U-I.)

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AIR force pilot Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. woos Natalie Wood in "No Sleep Till Dawn."

ERRANT Rossano Brazzi and wife Joan Crawford start anew in "Golden Virgin."

"MAN Of A Thousand Faces" stars James Cagney, Dorothy Malone and Jane Greer.

THE SUN NEVER ROSE ON A BOLDER HEMINGWAY LOVE STORY ...OR A GREATER MOTION PICTURE ACHIEVEMENT!

20th CENTURY-FOX presents

Tyrone POWER · Ava GARDNER · Mel FERRER · Errol FLYNN · Eddie ALBERT

in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE Stereophonic Sound

Directed by HENRY KING Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Screenplay by PETER VIERTEL

Featuring GREGORY RATOFF • JULIETTE GRECO • MARCEL DALIO • HENRY DANIELL and ROBERT EVANS • Based on the Novel by Ernest Hemingway

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ **Mitzi Gaynor solves the marriage and career problem**
★ **New dreamboat has Hollywood girls flipping**

STEADY dating of Anthony Perkins and Venetia Stevenson looks like real thing.

DELAY FOR JAYNE—Don't hold your breath waiting for that announced October wedding of Jayne Mansfield and and Mickey Hargitay. Jayne believed she'd have her final divorce decree this October 23, but through some error in filing it won't be finalized until January 9, 1958. Wedding bells will have to wait!

EXPERIENCE—*After Jeff Hunter's marriage to pretty model Dusty Bartlett, a friend asked Jeff if his new bride had acting ambitions. Jeff's candid reply: "No, thank God!" But Jeff and former wife Barbara Rush continue their friendly status and they also share many scenes in "No Down Payment." Jeff next goes to England for "Count Five And Die." Bride Dusty will accompany him and they'll make it a honeymoon trip. Meanwhile, Barbara says she's going to devote the next three years to her career—but she's dating studio executive Frank McCarthy quite frequently.*

SPLITS AND THINGS—The big cast of "Payment" is producing lots of news in the romance department, both good and not-so. Sheree North filed for divorce from music publisher Bud Freeman; Patricia Owens ditto, from writer-producer Sy Bartlett. Cameron Mitchell and wife Johanna reconciled, then had another split-up. Joanne Woodward still dates Paul Newman, but not exclusively; young actor Robert Quarrie is also her frequent escort. And Joanne admits she's been "engaged" three different times since meeting Paul. Says she, "That's not unusual for a Southern girl." This Joanne is really an actress, and so good as the girl with a triple personality in "Three Faces Of Eve" that studio wags say, "It could win her *three* Oscars."

HAPPY TALK—*All seems serene in the June Allyson-Dick Powell reconciliation. June had vacation time so went along to Hawaii with Dick while he produced-directed "Enemy Below" there. Our Honolulu agent reports they were a picture of marital bliss and on Sundays used to stroll arm-in-arm down Kalakaua Boulevard in Waikiki. Dick even got special permission from the Pentagon for June to board the* U.S.S. Whitehurst *while scenes were shot on the Navy ship; usually, no women allowed.*

HEART-THROB—Hollywood hostesses, always in need of extra bachelors for parties, have been showering invitations on newcomer Curt Jurgens, who's quite a hunk of man. Curt, 6'4", is a real, Continental ladies' man who can toss off sweet nothings in French, German and English. He's had three wives, Eva Bartok being the most recent. Art house patrons know his pictures made in French and German and now all will see him co-starring with Bob Mitchum in "Enemy Below." Several local gals wouldn't mind being the fourth Mrs. J.

NEW TWOSOME—*Now that Lana Turner has her divorce from Lex Barker, expect her to have more and more dates with Robert J. Evans. They've been doing the dine-and-dance bit and he also has been visiting her on the set of "Peyton Place." Bob is the type Lana likes—tall, dark and handsome. He's also wealthy! He and two brothers own a women's dress business back East and he divides his time between the "rag market" and acting. Bob will play Irving Thalberg in "Man Of A Thousand Faces."*

ALREADY parents of two, happily wed Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty await another.

FRENCH newcomer Christine Carere with Edward Manouk at a Hollywood night spot.

JACK GOES ALONG—One couple who refuse to be separated by long locations—Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean. Fortunately, he's her business manager, so there's reason for him to go along. Jack next goes with Mitzi to Hawaii for "South Pacific" which will be made on the island of Kauai. Mitzi had to have her hair cut very short for her Nellie Forbush role. It's almost a Butch, but on her it's adorable.

STILL SOLID—*The Hudsons are tired of explaining that their long separation has no bearing on their marriage. Rock has been in Italy for "Farewell To Arms" and after Phyllis became so ill her doc-*

continued on page 74

end floor waxing forever

amazing chemical reported in America's Leading Digest ends floor waxing and floor scrubbing

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Here's MINI-SHINE in Action!

Now enjoy bright polished floors WITHOUT WAXING, thanks to amazing new MINI-SHINE. Polishes a 10'x10' floor in less than 5 minutes . . . NO MORE SCRUBBING, EITHER. To clean your MINI-SHINE finish, just damp-mop . . . that's all. PERFECT FOR ALL TYPE FLOORS—LINOLEUM, WOOD, VINYL, TILE, ETC.

NOT a liquid — not a paste — nothing to pour, nothing to spread. Here for the first time is a NON-ELECTRIC DRY SHINE POLISHER . . . *a chemically treated disc* that you simply glide across your floors . . . it coats them with a tough, invisible scuff-proof film . . . your floors are shined and polished INSTANTLY. And since this built-in wonder-chemical is 12 times harder than any wax . . . ***each single treatment lasts 2 full months.***

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To clean this gleaming, super-hard finish . . . simply damp-mop, nothing else! You'll never again have to scrub with soap and water; so you not only end weekly waxing . . . but end weekly scrubbing too.

Best of all, because this magic, chemically treated disc polishes and shines all by itself . . . it pays for itself 10 times over in the money you save on floor wax alone!

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By FOSTER JAMES

The TRUTH *about*

Anthony Franciosa... This much you could say for the young man up there with

Jean Simmons and Paul Douglas

on the screen—he was different.

You wanted to know him better. There

was a warm glint in his eye, along

with the maleness; a look of having wandered many a dark and shadowed street, not knowing whether it was worth the bother of waking the next day. There was also the other thing, the tenderness. It had been won, you knew, the very hardest way. . . .

So the lights flicked on again in the small private projection room where a rough, uncut version of "This Could Be The Night" had been screened, and the cluster of studio VIP's looked at each other, still puffing on their cigars, and for a moment did not speak. There were, of course, the tattered, time-worn phrases—the "terrifics" and "colossals," but these, somehow, seemed a little threadbare and puny now, to describe what they had just seen.

"How old did you say this boy is?" one producer asked, of no one in particular.

Another cigar glowed. "Do we have him for any more pictures?"

"I saw him on the stage in New York," said still another voice, "when he did 'A Hatful Of Rain.' I knew he had it then."

Joe Pasternak, the man who had produced the picture—the man who had insisted on this newcomer, this Anthony Franciosa—looked around happily.

"This boy," said Pasternak, "has so much talent, they might even let him keep his name."

They'll do that to you out there in Hollywood sometimes. Change you. Shape you. Glamourize you. Cap your teeth, raise your hairline, fix your nose. The Mold, The Pattern. "What did you say your name was, bud—Bernie *Schwartz?* No good; it'll lay an egg at the box-office. From now on you're Tony Curtis." "Roy *Fitzgerald?* Uh, uh; Rock Hudson." "Phylis Isley? It's awful, baby; we'll call you

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Photos by Sanford H. Roth

IMPACT of the strength and tenderness so oddly combined in Tony Franciosa got wife Shelley Winters as it does his fans.

SEARCHING look remains from Tony's early years of drifting and indecision. He never even thought of the stage until he was 18.

BROADWAY play first brought Tony and Shelley together.

All that Tony thought and felt, all he suffered

Jennifer Jones. Art Gelien? Tab Hunter is much better."

Three syllable names; four syllable names; maybe even *five* syllable names. But *seven* syllables? An-thon-y Fran-ci-os-a? "Ummm, I don't know . . ." The heads together, the plotting. "Wel-l-l, let's see now. Look, you ever go walking barefoot in the rain? Play the bongos? Thumb rides to the studio? No? We gotta have you doing *something*, with that name and all. You sure you don't want us to change it?"

Mrs. Franciosa's boy Tony was *very* sure. Still keeping that pleasant smile—no sweat, no strain, really—he made his point. A very good point. "If an actor is successful," he said, "the name is beautiful. If he isn't, it doesn't matter how good his name is."

He had something there. Quite a lot, really. More than even he knew himself, and he'd had it for a long time. You take a kid who's born and brought up in New York, an only child whose parents are separated early, and you give him a boyhood among people of his own kind—warm, laughter-loving, excitable Italians—and maybe you get some sadness and pain, but your days are pretty much of a lark, too. ("Hey,

IMPULSIVE Tony generates excitement. Having recreated his stage role in 20th's "A Hatful Of Rain," he's now in "A Woman Obsessed."

and enjoyed in his long quest for self-fulfillment now give depth and passion to his acting

Mom, you see my basketball shoes? And save me some of that good macaroni; I'll eat it when I get home.")

There was school, of course: P. S. 52, and later, Benjamin Franklin High School. But Tony and books didn't have much affection for each other. Says Tony now, "I guess I didn't care for school."

School plays were a laugh; this was no dedicated thespian who gobbled Shakespeare and Odets with his *pizza*. "I don't know *what* I did with my time," Tony says. "Played basketball, I guess, or hung around the corner candy store, or went out with the gang to Coney Island or Jones Beach. There was no special line of work I wanted to get into—certainly not contracting, which was my father's business. Besides, I didn't see too much of him. School didn't mean anything, so I just cut it out, like a lot of other kids."

Acting came later—much later. First there was the matter of finding himself—finding who he was, what he really wanted. For a long time he didn't know. Jobs came along and Tony took them. He washed dishes in a hamburger joint, worked as an awning installer, lugged heavy lead "pigs" in a stereotype room at a printing plant, hired out as a welder. The jobs lasted a week or two, sometimes a month, sometimes even longer. It wasn't work he relished; he didn't leap out of bed each morning, eager to subway down to a hash house or the printer's shop. But the work gave him eating money. It kept his hands and his muscles busy, but his mind was still questing.

"I'm Tony Franciosa," something inside of him kept saying. "But who am I *really*; what am I going to be?"

You can see the turns and twists and corners in that quest even now; all that he thought and felt, all that he suffered and enjoyed with a sharp pleasure, you find in what Tony Franciosa does up there on the screen. You'll see it in "This Could Be The Night"; you'll discover it in "A Hatful Of Rain," in his scenes with Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint and Lloyd Nolan.

"He isn't *that* handsome," said a movie-calloused woman columnist just the other day. "But something in this boy gets you; he looks tough and virile, but there's that great warmth there. It reaches out and touches you."

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photos by Zinn Arthur

By JOHN MAYNARD

Her sudden readiness for marriage brings Kim a dilemma. "I seem to have lost myself. How can I expect any man to know and love me?"

Kim Novak's Special Problem

THE big, high rehearsal stage on Gower Street in Hollywood was about as vast, hideous and utilitarian as a play-pen can get, and off in the northeast corner in front of her portable dressing-room, eating from a rickety table, Kim Novak dug in and thought of how she could slam one out of the park in the interests of contemporary history. This is not easy for Miss Novak, who is interviewed roughly every hour on the hour on an intensely limited range of subjects (i.e., "How about Mac Krim?", "What's with Count Bandini?", and the high, hard one, "Y'in love with anybody?"), but she is an intelligent and perceptive girl who likes to play ball within the common limits of taste, and whether she's going to strike out or not, she's willing to take her cut.

This day there was nothing special on the agenda—indeed, her questioner was serving up pitches of infinite variety—unless John Ireland was special, and this seemed at least doubtful. Ireland is a fellow of wild and improbable gauntness with whose name Miss Novak's had been associated, and it is just possible he is in temperamental contrast to her long-time friend Mac Krim, of whom Miss Novak is apt to say frequently and vaguely, "I love Mac, but—", trailing off then in a kind of puzzled inconclusiveness. She said this now, grappling with her thoughts, and her more sensitive listeners had the feelings, as they so often do, that she really meant, "I'm *fond* of Mac, but." There are those who feel that after so long a time, Miss Novak regards Krim's devotion in the light of a calm, protective harbor, whereas she may subconsciously be seeking something out beyond the breakwater, something in the way of a rough wind. For

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DRESSING up for a scene in "Pal Joey," Kim dons a new personality as well as a new costume for her part in the film.

CAUGHT between opposing demands of her work and private life, Kim says, "There's never time to be alone and find myself."

this different kind of pace, Ireland anyway looks the part.

Besides, there was something special going this day, something not always an accoutrement to a studio conversation. There was, so to speak, a sound track. Oh, not really —but in the cavernous distance, a pianist threaded his way ceaselessly through the tune from "Pal Joey" that has for 16 years been a haunting fashion. It was going to climax the picture version in most elaborate form, and Miss Novak, Rita Hayworth and others were working on it, as they would be for yet another week. Your mind—if you were of *that* generation—fitted what words you could remember.

*—wild again, beguiled again—**

"Keep this up," said Miss Novak to her single-minded interrogator, "and you might yet get somewhere. But no, I'm not going to say there's any special person. I can't say it. But there's a special problem."

"But you still deny you're ready for marriage." It wasn't a question. Miss Novak's been denying this for so long that she can bowl a perfect strike while reeling off the libretto.

"So hang onto your hat," said Miss N. "I don't deny it. Maybe a week ago it wouldn't have been true. But now I think I *am* ready for marriage. What do you think of that?"

"At the most," said the party of the second part, "that I am now in line for the Pulitzer Prize. At the least, the bass certainly are running. What, or who, makes you think so?"

"What," she said, "is the word." The table tipped north as she pressed down on fruit salad. It tipped back and south again as her adversary bludgeoned a steak. Away to the side, the Gower Street door to the stage slid open, disclosing a lot of sun-glared concrete across the way and a girl in a calypso hat taking a picture of another girl in a calypso hat. Miss Novak was less dressy. She wore slacks of a sort, a faded blue denim shirt and knee-pads. Repeat, knee-pads. She'd been spending the day sliding down a slide on her knees. So what else? It's a rather peculiar way to make a living but still, it pays well.

"AND by 'what'," said Kim Novak, "I mean several things, including the fact I'm 24. But mostly, the maternal urge has been so strong lately, and I know I'm ready for motherhood and, of course, marriage. You shouldn't go out on a limb, you know, but you can throw all the old denials out the window. As of this moment. It's not world-shaking, I'm sure, but then you don't want the Pulitzer Prize anyway. You can't put it between two slices of bread, can you? Take the other day. There was this group of children where I'd parked. Oh, eight or ten of them. And all of a sudden I wasn't an actress any more—I'm going to come to that—I was a woman. It was right then very warm and wonderful and I spent so much time buying them ice cream and candy and fussing over them that I'm sure their mothers were getting alarmed. May have created a wave of indigestion, too. But that wasn't Kim the way I used to know me. *If* I know me now or any other time!" Abruptly she put down her fork and began looking rather unhappy.

*Bewitched, bothered and bewildered—am I** (said the piano player in music.)

"And," she said, "if I don't know me, how will anyone else ever, and what kind of a terrible thing would I be doing to a future husband if I gave him a dishonest counterpart of another woman? But not *intentionally*—and that is the terrible thing—because I don't know me any more. Somewhere back there I lost Kim Novak. And *Marilyn* Novak—that's really my name—she's a precocious little girl

"A SHODDY gift to the man I marry someday," Kim worries, "would be to discover that the girl he thought me was a sham."

back in Chicago, lonely I think and waiting for me to come back the way she knew me.

"It's this profession. It must be this way with every actress at one thing or another. When have I last been Kim Novak? And who is she or who was she? There've been part after part, and never enough time between to be alone and find myself again. Oh, how wonderful being alone for a while and rediscovering reality! In pictures, I was a chippie and a life-starved Kansas adolescent, a society wife and a cashier in a dump, a very great actress whose own perfectionism led her to drugs, now the girl in 'Pal Joey,' and next time a witch in 'Bell, Book And Candle,' and I'm studying witchcraft now, that's how deep into it I get. So say I am in love—and I'm not going to say categorically I'm not—can I expect the man I love to settle for a role, a character, a sham? Can he marry Jeanne Eagels and find she's turned into a witch? Can he marry a witch and find she's reverted to the mannerisms of a chippie again? And me half-believing each part because I'm an actress, and maybe finding in the end there is no Kim Novak any more.

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Though courted by attractive men foreign and domestic, Kim's too absorbed in becoming a better actress to narrow her choice to one

It would be a shoddy gift to the person I love, and I think of it all the time.

"That's why I've said so many times, I've all these doubts about marriage and career going together. And now it's the career bit going so hard and busy, and I'm never alone to readjust. Sure I'm lucky—I think. But it's the pace, like when you see me in 'Joey,' if you do, then I'll have forgotten about it a long time ago and be witching all over a set, and I've forgotten 'Jeanne Eagels' now because I have to. I can't look back and I don't know what's ahead. And when I marry, it will be for love and there'll be no room for dishonesty, however unintentional it is. But right now, Kim Novak's lost in the shuffle and I can't kid myself she isn't. That may be all right for me—for now, I mean—but it isn't all right for my love and the father of my very own. And he won't know who I am if *I* don't."

Well, as predicaments go, it was a lulu. And the piano, having got by the middle part to which no layman ever knows the words, hummed carelessly, *I'll sing to him in Spring to him, and long for the day when I'll cling to him**, while simultaneously the table skittered sideways and got the grapefruit slices mad.

But the fundamental wasn't changed. The girl who has stalled committing herself for so long was doing so now: she's ready for marriage. There's just that one drawback, which might conceivably decorate a post office wall. Lost: Kim Novak. Reward for Finding: Marriage and Happiness. Out of the realm of speculation it can be booted.

And so, apparently, can the controversial Mr. Ireland. Not by Kim, who is not by inclination a dealer in personalities,

BACKSTAGE on the "Pal Joey" set, Kim may be reflecting on Mac Krim vs. Mario Bandini vs. a man she has yet to meet.

CONFERENCE with director George Sidney finds Kim listening attentively for hints on how to play a scene.

"PAL JOEY": Chorus girl Kim is surprised in her dressing room by night club singer Frank Sinatra in a shot from the Columbia film.

but by a close associate of hers who appeared stunned when the question was broached.

"You're sure you don't mean Alexander Hamilton?" this person asked incredulously. "Not General Pickett?"

"Ma'am?"

"I ask because John Ireland in connection with Kim Novak is no more timely than sleeve-garters. Even the magazines who jumped the gun with unauthorized articles had to back off later on the grounds they were being a bit quaint. I know these two were friendly for a while but it's as vague in my mind as what happened to President McKinley and I'm sure you're not going to start any forest fires trying to revive it."

"And Count Mario Bandini?"

"We have still the word of all who have met him that he's a charming fellow and that Kim and he found each other fine company in Europe. He's been called a kind of Italian George Sanders, minus a few years, and that he is. There was also some froth about his visiting here but he hasn't shown up yet unless disguised as a piece of luggage."

OTHER reports have had the Count waxing somewhat furious over trans-continental phones on mention of Kim's keeping company with this, that or John Ireland, but they are the stuff on which Miss Novak is notoriously uncommunicative. One friend of his did think for sure at a certain time that this was love, but she is less sure now. Besides, if the Count turns up a matter of some weeks from now, he's going to be fraternizing with a witch. You heard what the girl said.

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On the other hand, it was Miss Novak's beaming intention, as this session closed, to head for Europe just as soon as "Pal Joey" went to the cutters and she was certain she wouldn't be needed for any retakes on the picture. So—she likes Europe. Little else could be proved.

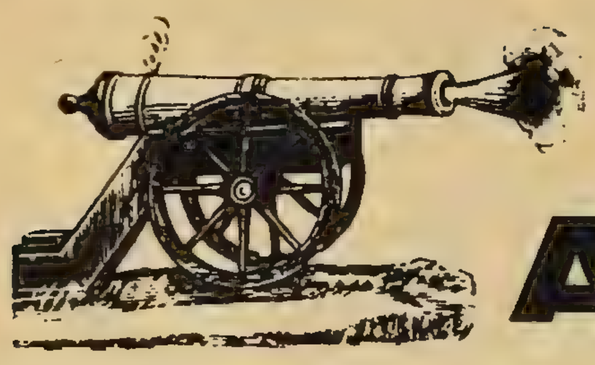
She hung over a bannister as her lunch companion left and said, in regard to printed discourses on her emotional life and the workings of her mind, that she wished writers would get things straight. "Sometimes," she said, "I say something that seems halfway bright or interesting, and then it gets all twisted around or left out, so I just wish I hadn't said it. What was the use?"

And there was the time a visiting writer of unusual skill and perspicacity pegged a whole story on Kim's fondness for the color lavender, basing it on his visit to her then-new apartment, and this in turn got his magazine so whipped up over the art possibilities that they scheduled a slew of expensive color stuff in the pictorial line to go with the prose, and when they got ready, there wasn't so much lavender in the apartment at that. The magazine was reasonable enough about it but never did quite see why she wouldn't redecorate for them. But Miss Novak is fascinated by article writing and says that if she were interviewing a star, she'd do one of these "impressionistic pieces—the kind I hate them to do on me."

The piano vamped idly and came to its end: *Bewitched, bothered and bewildered—**

Miss Novak's lips moved slightly. She may have hummed under breath, "—am I." More likely she was just dislodging a seed from somewhere. **END**

ROCK HUDSON



A FAREWELL TO

"WOUNDED" and waiting for the cameras to roll, Rock gets instructions from director King Vidor for a scene in the hospital ward.

ARMS

NURSE Jennifer and patient Rock enjoy some real Italian atmosphere off-camera.

Rock and Jennifer Jones recreate the main roles in a new film version of Hemingway's poignant love story of World War I

STONY road carries Rock on a sightseeing tour around North Italian city of Udine.

photos by Bob Landry

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In the shadow of the snow-capped Italian Alps, Rock gets in the mood for his new film, "A Farewell To Arms." He plays an American ambulance driver who flees the war for a romantic idyll

RAGGED Rock stands over the wounded in the David O. Selznick production for 20th release.

SOLDIERS all include Rock, Kurt Kasznar and the noted Italian actor Vittorio de Sica (right).

RUGGED Rock supervises the moving of supplies high in the mountains while planning to elope to Switzerland with Jennifer. **END**

HAPPY city life is enjoyed by Carroll and husband Jack Garfein.

CARROLL BAKER

Baby

Giving her young daughter Blanche the warm and stable childhood she missed is more important to Carroll than furthering her film career

By PETER ALBERTSON

FORTUNATELY for the Advancement and Betterment of the Protective Benevolent Society of Actors Studio, Carroll Baker was fired, canned, sacked from her job as television weather forecaster. Not that Carroll, who took "Baby Doll" out of the toy shop and eased her into sultry surroundings, couldn't wield an authoritative pointer with the best of them. She just wasn't tuned in on the rarefied sensitivity of Texans. All was breezing along that eventful night with a low pressure here, a touch of moderately warm there, then Carroll smiled her sleepy-eyed smile and added, "There's a lot of hot air blowing up from Texas."

Wal podner, them's fightin' words. . . .

"It was an accident," Carroll insists. "How could I have known there was a convention of Texans in town who would misunderstand?"

That night, she lost her job.

Considering all that's happened to Carroll since she decided to quit junior college and become a dancer, life has been playing a lively but friendly game of chess with her. More the queen than a pawn, however, you get the idea from talking to her that she doesn't hesitate to go along with anything that will make her happy.

At times, it hasn't been easy following the course she's set for herself. Take the time Carroll packed her suitcase and headed for New York on a one-way ticket sans her mother's blessings, but with her mother's financing. As Carroll put it, "I was doing

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doll's new doll

photos by Al Wertheimer, Topix

COOKING, according to Carroll, is a waste of time. "Why spend hours on a gastronomical masterpiece that's devoured in 10 minutes?"

FRIENDLY word with doorman of her New York apartment comes naturally to Carroll. "I'm just not the glamourpuss type."

Quietly but firmly, Carroll leads the kind of

so well in Florida with the dancing, I thought sure I'd burn up New York with this specialty act I'd been working on."

At first, all she did workwise was a couple of dancing spots in out-of-town bistros. Then, because she was a dancer, when she finally landed television jobs, she didn't dance once. Instead, she did commercials, walk-on bits in dramatic shows, and of course, the ill-fated weather forecasting.

From these fringe sorties on drama, Carroll dredged up a latent yen to become an actress. It followed. She remembered when she was a child how she'd stand on a chair in front of the mirror and emote. When the urge bit again, this time a big girl, Carroll didn't waste time in self-pity.

Instead, she hied herself up six flights of stairs to apply for admission to the Actors Studio. She was turned down on her first try. The disappointment was assuaged somewhat by a young volunteer director, Jack Garfein. It didn't take much more than a couple of cups of coffee to find they had a lot in common. Young, talented and broke, they started dating. Again Providence beamed—sly hussy that she is, she knew what was best for Carroll. With no money for dating

AMBITIOUS to be a better actress, Carroll nevertheless wants "to have a life of my own and not be totally involved in my career."

life that she chooses; her attitude toward her work has the same simplicity as her manner

purposes, they spent whatever time they had together reading plays, studying acting technique and getting real chummy with the theatre, pronounced with a capital T. This concentration did wonders for Carroll's morale and ambitions. She finally was accepted as a student by Actors Studio which welcomed her to its ragged-shirted bosom. As Director Elia Kazan said when he chose her for "Baby Doll": "She's nice and sweet in her face, but she's sexy and ambitious."

Like the man said, she's ambitious, all right, but she's sensible enough not to turn her marriage to Garfein into one of those part-time arrangements. "I feel my marriage is my life—and acting is my work," she said, emphasizing the distinction which so few career women make. "I'm interested in doing good creative things, but I want to have a life of my own and not be entirely involved in my career."

Since the birth of Blanche Joy in December, 1956, Carroll has another excuse to tread gently with her career. "If you have a baby and aren't available," she shrugs, "there's nothing anybody can do. You're just not available."

That isn't exactly what she told Warner Bros. to whom she's still under contract for four more pictures, but the effect was much the same. Again using her firm, let's-have-no-shilly-shallying reasoning, she decided that portraying Diana Barrymore in "Too Much, Too Soon" was not her cup of tea. She refused to do the picture. The three-weeks suspension that followed wasn't quite the to-do the newspapers and gossips would have it, according to Carroll.

"I adore working in films," she admitted when the ruckus quieted, "because your work is permanently recorded. On the stage it isn't. I expect that in about 20 years, I'll be able to turn on the television set and say to Blanche, 'See dear, that's what I was like.' "

At 25, with one of the most talked-about pictures to her credit, Carroll has all the enviable assurance of someone who is going places. Without seeming defiant, she chooses to lead her own brand of life. She wears little make-up and doesn't keep herself in a constant tizz by worrying about the effect of a few calories too many. She figures how much she weighs has nothing to do with her acting ability.

One of the things about Hollywood that piqued her was

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the attempt to convert her into a glamourpus. "It's quite a problem the way they treat new actors and actresses. They try to pour them all out of the same mold.

"When I got there, they gave me the full treatment. I went to make-up men, hair stylists, clothes designers. They all pitched in and the final result made me look like at least six other starlets. I'm glad my hair can be its natural color of brown now instead of that 'Baby Doll' blonde."

This same let-me-be attitude reflects even in her wardrobe which is plain, simple and minus any unnecessary frills.

Because her marriage to Garfein is a happy one, Carroll can pooh-pooh this stuff and nonsense about not being able to successfully combine marriage and acting. In show business, she agrees, it's more difficult to get a proper prospective on marriage. But like everything else that is hard to come by, the results are well worth the extra effort.

"Look at Eva Marie Saint!" she commanded. "A fine actress and one of the most beautiful people I know. Why?" Carroll paused and looked as if she'd just figured out a nifty new hypothesis for the quantum theory. "Because she has an inner glow and beauty that comes from being completely happy and at peace with herself and her family! Like Eva Marie, Jack and I have a wonderful, stable life and existence. This I cherish with all my heart."

This absorption with marriage, the home, her child and the stability they offer might be largely attributed to the fact that her own childhood had about as much substance as an eiderdown quilt. The many patterns, pieces and places that made up her early life, however, lacked the necessary warmth and comfort.

Born in Johnstown, Pa., it was during her infancy that Carroll started moving about from state to state with her parents. Her father was a traveling salesman and whenever his territory changed, the family moved.

"When I was six, we lived in Wheeling, West Virginia. I went to the first grade there. At eight, we went to live in New York for a while. Next, there was some place near Newark, New Jersey—that lasted six months."

THE next move was to Greensburg, Pa., a coal-mining town. There things began to level off in one respect; Carroll remained there until she finished high school. Around that time, when Carroll was 16, her parents' marriage fell apart. "They hadn't gotten along for many years and it finally came to the breaking point. That's when I started getting all involved in school activities. I became one of the big wheels at school—led the band, was secretary of the student council, got crowned football queen in my senior year. It was all a

"ACTING ability has nothing to do with calories," says Carroll, who likes her hair its normal color and her figure its normal size.

and she continues her meteoric rise to the top

way of not being at home. And I saw to it, keeping busy like that, that I got home as little as possible."

When her marriage ended, Mrs. Baker and Carroll's younger sister went to Florida. Carroll stayed behind to graduate. Her grandmother, a seamstress with whom she lived, helped get the money for Carroll's dancing lessons.

Following her graduation, Carroll had every intention of continuing her education by enrolling in St. Petersburg Junior College when she had joined her mother. But after she was there a few weeks, word seeped out that Carroll danced. Next came an invitation to perform at the Florida Citrus Growers Association convention.

"They loved my dancing," Carroll remembers. "Everyone made a fuss over me. You know how Florida is with conventions. Soon I was traveling all over the state. I just couldn't keep up with school. Poor mother was heartbroken, but I liked dancing and was beginning to make money."

Understandably, she hasn't regretted her decision. As for her own daughter's capabilities of deciding on such an important step in the very, very far off future, Carroll is confident and even hazards an opinion. "What Blanche does with her life, I'll leave completely up to her. And there should be no problem," Carroll said using the precise manner most young mothers have when they talk about the future of

"I ADORE films," says Carroll, who is now under contract to Warners, "because then your work is permanently recorded."

BABY'S doll is dressed by Carroll for some afternoon play.

their offspring. "Eva Marie Saint and I have often talked about it and agree that if a child is happy and well-adjusted, and spends a great deal of time with her parents who are normal, well-adjusted people, she will make the correct choice for herself."

So that Blanche Joy is assured of her quota of tender loving care, Carroll intends to take the child with her whenever she must work out of town.

TO MAKE sure the family has the most time together, Carroll won't even consider moving to the green patches of the suburbs, where like lemmings, most city-dwellers flee as soon as the cry of their first-born is heard. As Carroll sees it, it would make life very difficult. With Garfein busy directing controversial pastiches like "The Strange One," and Carroll acting, both keep long, late hours very often. Lengthy treks back and forth from a quaint country retreat would seriously cut into the time they now have to spend with their daughter.

Besides, Carroll isn't the suburban hausfrau type. Her attitude towards such a domestic necessity as cooking is enough to send a gourmet sobbing blindly to a dish of *Cailles en Aspic Muscate* for consolation.

"I'm not much interested in food or cooking. I can't see spending all that time in the kitchen turning out some gastronomic masterpiece which is then consumed in about ten minutes." Next, adding the *coup de grace,* Carroll insisted, "I'm just one of those people who eat to live, not who live to eat."

True, there have been more original things said by members of the Actors Studio set, but Carroll has other things on her mind beside concocting *bon mots* for publication. There's her husband, her baby and her work. All three take up a lot of time and loving attention. So, all right, so she isn't the world's best cook, but on the subject of how to keep a marriage happy, Carroll can step to the head of the class—and that's the kind of thinking that does Jack and young Blanche the most good. **END**

AUDIE MURPHY

The return of the native

ITALIAN actress Georgia Moll portrays Audie's Chinese love.

"Home will be my address for a long time," says Audie, reliving his hilarious and harrowing experiences on location in Indo-China

By REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

AUDIE MURPHY, who traveled around the world to star in "The Quiet American," returned with enough happy and, at times, hazardous experiences to write a fair-sized adventure yarn.

Yet, ask soft-spoken Murph about the five months he spent in Saigon, Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and he veils his experiences with such calmness they sound as conventional as going to the store for a can of coffee. But, that's Audie's nature. He minimizes trouble, arches his back when there's panic, and prefers to play-it-light describing a crisis.

Don't push him, give him his rein in conversation, and he begins to relax. Unconsciously, he sprinkles the talk with potent tidbits that reveal his travel tour on occasion was a Dick Tracy installment without the benefit of a wrist radio.

Murph's minimizing was in rare form when he mentioned locationing in Saigon. "One evening, I was in my hotel room, lying in bed, just about to drop off to sleep. My attention was divided between the book in my hand and the ceiling where I drowsily watched three lizards of a rare and sinister-looking Oriental breed devouring mosquitoes." Suddenly, Audie snapped awake. One of

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photos by Bob Landry

LOOKING down on streets of Saigon, Audie finds a whole new world awaiting him for the U.A. release, "The Quiet American."

PRODUCER Joseph Mankiewicz (r) chats with Audie, newcomer Georgia and English actor Michael Redgrave, Audie's rival in love.

During filming in the exotic Orient, Audie had to fight off lizards, fans and appendicitis;

the lizards fell bookmark fashion onto his reading matter.

His reaction? "Glad I'm not one of those fellas who sleeps with his mouth open!"

Things became decidedly more dramatic while he was in Hong Kong. "I wasn't needed on the film for a few days, so I flew there to do a little shopping for my wife."

In true Murphy fashion the "little shopping" turned out to be two king-sized cedar chests filled with clothes, plus a teakwood cocktail table. "I was doing fine with my souvenir buying, but not so good in the health department. I kept feeling ill, so just before flying back to Saigon, I stopped by a doctor's for a pill or something. A few hours later, I was at the Matilda War and Memorial Hospital having my appendix out."

When the U.S. Army heard that its most decorated hero of World War II needed an emergency operation, they quickly offered to send a surgeon, but Audie had already had his appendix removed by the time the Army offer reached him.

"No use bothering people," he'd shrugged. The one thing he did "bother" about, however, was extracting a promise that his wife, Pam, would not be notified until after the operation. The following day, when she learned about it, she frantically was on the trans-Pacific phone.

"Pam was ready to fly to my bedside," Audie grinned, "but I insisted, 'Nothing doing. You're not going to use my illness as an excuse to go shopping in Hong Kong.'"

Pam couldn't get mad at this easy-going husband of hers. What could she reply to his calm reasoning? "Why worry, folks?" Audie continued. "If everything turns out okay, then there's plenty of time to talk about it. Besides, I'm rather enjoying all the attention."

Behind his play-it-light attitude, there were plenty of complications. Instead of recuperating for a month, Murph flew to Saigon after two weeks. The damp tropical climate

SURVIVING surgery and buffalo steaks, Audie enjoys some sightseeing by pony cart with Georgia, Claude Dauphin and Bruce Cabot.

fortunately, his "Quiet American" courage never deserted him

made the cut heal slowly. It wasn't until weeks later, in Rome, that it completely closed. One look at Audie, now 20 pounds underweight, and Academy Award director Joe Mankiewicz, ordered a re-scheduling of the production. The first scene originally had Audie carrying six-footer Michael Redgrave several hundred feet. Naturally, it was put off.

It was Murph's unconcern about special treatment that kept the company overly zealous about his welfare. Every night a French physician was on hand to check him over and he also got a special menu from which he could order.

"I was doing all right regaining my lost weight until the day I learned I wasn't 'recuperating' on steak, but water buffalo," he grinned.

The other time he lost his appetite was when a host ordered something with an exotic name an arm long. "It looked tempting. It tasted good. But it turned out to be the pads off baby ducks' feet," he paused, "with noodles."

If it hadn't been for his illness, Audie would have been wined and dined even more in the Orient. His outstanding war record, citizenship, and zooming career attracted notice. Everywhere he went, people followed him. They wanted a closer look. In fact, from the time he arrived by plane, until he left for Rome, he was seldom alone.

"They were reserved, unobtrusive, and understanding—even when they caught me in surprise. It had begun the day I stepped off the plane in Hong Kong, sporting a day's beard. The stewardess let me sleep until landing time, so I'd had no chance to clean up."

The waiting press and photographers paid it little attention. They were more interested in Audie's courageous exploits, but he'd change the subject. Usually, he'd modestly parley with, "Everybody has his challenges. Me? I'm a big coward when it comes to needles. In fact, I had so many vaccinations before coming here my arm looks like a screen door."

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You wanna rassle?

Not if you hope to enjoy a date with Joan, you don't!

She's got a little list of types with whom she'd least like to spend an evening, and the wolf gets top billing

By JACK HOLLAND

photos by Larry Barbier Jr., Globe

BACK from Japan where she just made 20th's "Stopover Tokyo," Joan "hasn't a thing to wear."

JOAN COLLINS was just 17 at the time. So was her date, a boy named Jerry. Both were students at a drama class in England.

Joan had only been out with one boy before so she had to ask her parents if it would be all right for her to accept the date with Jerry. At first, they were reluctant. English parents are usually a little reserved. But when they finally learned that the boy's father was a prominent actor and a respected man they gave their approval.

It was not what you'd call a successful evening. Jerry was tall, gauche, obviously on his very first date. He made all the mistakes—he walked into a restaurant in front of Joan, he sat down before she did, and he began to eat first. There were also deadly long pauses in the conversation. Then they went to the theatre and the seats were terrible. It was a miserable evening.

When he took her home he said to her at her door, "I say, do you mind awfully if I kiss you good-night?" Joan came back with, "Don't be silly. I have to go in. Daddy's waiting for me." This was all said, of course, in her most mature tones.

"This was one kind of boy I could do without, the one with no poise, no assurance, and no manners," Joan remarked recently on her return from Japan and "Stopover Tokyo." "I grant you I was no bargain then either—trying to be sophisticated and all that and dressing up to look older but only making myself look younger. But, after all, the boy I had dated before Jerry at least had some assurance and," as she added with a grin, "he was French!"

After Joan started her film career in England, she, like many aspiring young actresses, ran into the producer with the gleam in his eye, the wandering hands, the "let's-be-adult-about-it" approach. This is a type Joan flees like the plague.

"There was one part in a picture I wanted very much," Joan recalled, as she smoothed out the bulky knitted sweater that still managed somehow to accentuate her curves. "I was called for a test and after the test the producer, who heard I lived a long way from the studio, offered to drive me home since it was late in the evening. On the way home he asked me, 'Do you really want this part?' I assured him that I did. Very frankly he said, 'Well, you be nice to me and you might get it.'

"I laughingly told him not to be silly, that I couldn't think of such

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"I must confuse men," says Joan. Some think her the cold type, others a hey-hey girl just out for laughs—both are wrong

"I PREFER to date men near my age," Joan reveals, "but I'd never go with one who'd let me be boss. I couldn't respect him."

a thing. And I forgot about the part. A week later I got a call from him to make another test and was told that the role was between me and another girl—and I was reminded, 'It's not too late to be nice to me.' Again I said 'no' and went off a few days later to the south of France, convinced I had lost the role.

"Yet two weeks after, I got a wire from this producer telling me I had the part. But what a trial that picture was! I was forever trying to get away from him. He kept coming into my dressing room and then subtly—or so he thought—locking the door. Then he'd utter such absolutely devastating lines as, 'Don't you find me attractive?' When I said I didn't he'd promptly reassure me, 'But of course you do!' I had to wrestle with him a few times. Finally, I'd hide in the closet in the wardrobe department when I was through work for the day, and when he'd come in looking for me the wardrobe woman would say I'd gone home. After he'd leave I'd have to sneak out.

"I have been able to avoid most situations like this. I can generally figure out when a man is going to be the wrestling type and I don't date him. When I do get involved with an overly romantic fellow I just laugh at him. Nothing deflates his ego so fast as when you make light of his advances.

"It's odd about the so-called wolfish types. When you don't respond to their advances they say, 'So you're the cold type?' Or they say, 'Do you think that if you really loved someone you could get affectionate?' These are utter bores.

"Then there is the kind of man who gives this choice one: 'Let's have lunch tomorrow so we can discuss a part I think would be just perfect for you.' I usually agree to meet

"DEADLY kind of man who wants to analyze you is rude and boring," thinks Joan, whose own analyses of men should surprise them.

him and arrive, much to his great surprise, with my agent.

"Not all men use lines, though. Some are quite sincere and it's not hard to know which are sincere and which are tossing you the big act."

If there is any one kind of man Joan can't take it's the conceited gentleman. She runs into the great "I" class quite frequently but she has her own way of handling them.

"I close my ears to those who sound off about their past conquests with girls," Joan said, "especially if they do this on the first date." She paused, smiled broadly, ruffled her already ruffled hair and added, "But once I get to know them quite well and they start regaling me with their 'adventures' I am quite interested. Why shouldn't I be? After all, I'm a woman—and curious."

"Actors are more often guilty of being conceited than any others. Yet, the really big stars are wonderful people who don't blow their own horns. It's the aspiring young actor who gets carried away by himself.

"I CAN'T stand actors who are terribly conscious of technicalities or who offer to help you in a scene. All this is a form of conceit. I've worked with some who will call 'Cut' in the middle of a scene, 'My dear, the mike was casting a shadow on your face' when, in reality, it was doing no such thing. Usually, such actors want the scene done over because they weren't seen to the best advantage. Then there's the actor who says, 'Really, I'm surprised—you're quite a good actress. I had thought you were a flibbertigibbet.' I could drown this species.

"I can also do without the actor—and there are several of this breed—who is forever fussing with his hair or who poses with you for a still picture and asks so solicitously, 'Which is your good side, Joan?' I always answer, 'I haven't the vaguest idea.' Then, softly and sweetly he'll purr, 'Well, then, if you don't mind I'll sit on your right since this is my best side.' And I dislike those who are so phony as to waltz on the set in the morning and kiss you twice on the cheek."

Joan is the kind of gal who seems to give men the impression that either she is the hey-hey gal who is just out for laughs or else is the cold type—which is quite a contrast in impressions. Actually, she's not at all cold. She has tremendous enthusiasm and vitality and love of life. But, she is *not* the girl who ha-ha's her way through the days.

At any rate, this confuses some men.

"I must confuse them because I often run into the deadly type of male who feels he must analyze me," Joan smiled. "He has to tell me what's wrong with me. I've had men say to me, 'You ought to be by yourself more, you ought to sit and meditate, read plays.' These are the ones who want to straighten me out, who say, 'Don't you think it's about time for you to see an analyst?' They then become analysts and give me a character run-down. I went out with one fellow one evening who said to me, 'You ought to have more balance in your life.' When I asked him just what he was talking about he told me I should read more books, be more serious, and on and on *ad nauseam.*

"Well, I have analyzed men—to myself—but I have never felt it was right to tell anyone what was wrong with him. And I feel that men who presume to tell me how to live or how to act aren't only rude—they're deadly bores.

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Oui, oui Paree!

The bewitching City of Light looks even lovelier when viewed by a couple like Anita and Tony, so obviously under the influence of l'amour

photos by Leo Fuchs, Globe

POWER of the Eiffel Tower inspires a burst of gaiety, or have the Steeles forgotten it's there?

CAFE customers Anita and Tony celebrate their first anniversary while she stars in "Paris Holiday."

CRANING their necks at sights along the Champs Elysees, tourists Anita and Tony leave the famous Arch of Triumph behind them.

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Making "Paris Holiday" isn't all-work for

la belle bombshell from Sweden;

on a leisurely day off she and Tony savor the

Gallic flavor of a gay boutique,

a street scene and a sidewalk painting

PERCHED on a Parisian motor scooter, Anita appears scared, or maybe she just wants an excuse to hold tight on a short spin.

"I'LL TAKE that and that and that," insists Anita, but Tony seems undisturbed when faced with his wife's special pleading.

STROLLING Steeles decorate the "world's most beautiful city." U.A.'s "Paris Holiday" co-stars Bob Hope and French comic Fernandel.

PRACTICING painter captures the attention of Anita and Tony, who later buy his picture as a memento of a happy anniversary.

END

BOB WAGNER SAYS:

"NO GIRL

SHOULD MARRY ME!"

"Not yet! Right now my work, my yen to travel and my beautiful new boat offer too much competition for a wife"

AS TOLD TO HELEN WELLER

"BEAUTIES (like my friend Natalie Wood) always catch my eye. I don't think I could give them up any more than I could give up eating for any one girl."

"EVERYBODY wants to see me married," Bob Wagner told me over lunch one day. "Charming Hollywood hostesses call and ask me to dinner parties, then add, 'There'll be a lovely girl for you.' Married friends try to badger me to the altar by asking: 'Why aren't you married, R.J.? There's nothing like it.'

"They should save their efforts," Bob added with a grin. "I wouldn't be such a bargain as a husband. Not right now, anyway. Any girl would be crazy to marry me.

"I'm spoiled. The way things are, I can do what I please, when I please. I'm used to living my life my own way.

"I'd want a wife to fuss over me and build her whole life around me. But on the other hand, if she were to show signs of becoming too possessive, I'm afraid it would make me restless. I couldn't stand it and I might blow up. So what kind of deal is that for a wife?

"I like women very much. Especially beautiful ones. Some of my best friends are beautiful women, another factor which militates against my becoming the prize mate. When I go anywhere—whether it's a party or cruising around Balboa—I find myself naturally making quick tracks toward a beautiful doll. This is a pleasurable pastime and one I'm not sure I can forego—yet—for any one girl. I just can't see myself suddenly becoming blind to the attractions of a well-turned out female.

"In fact, I enjoy noticing pretty girls and being attentive to them to such an extent that I don't think I can give it up any more than I can give up eating. If a fellow like myself were to start to make up to a pretty girl at a party, out of force of habit, of course, a spouse would be justified in reading the riot act. Unless she's one of those modern characters who believes in flirting with men herself. But I would take a very dim attitude about that, so you can imagine the blow-up that would take place.

"Then there's my job," Bob went on candidly. "As an actor I'm constantly thrown into association with some of the most beautiful women in the world. What kind of picnic would it be for a wife to sit at home and picture her guy spending his working day making love to a beautiful girl?

"A man in my business is confronted with more temptations than a man in any other line of work. I can't pretend that at this moment I'm eager to turn a stony eye on these temptations. I'm human. I love the temptations. Why not?

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"Before I settle down and give a girl the attention she deserves,

I love to meet beautiful girls and take them out and get to know them better.

"In fact, I enjoy girls so much that I doubt that I am ready to concentrate on just one—which is my idea of marriage. Lots of guys my age are ready to settle down in the house with the slippers by the fireside and good old Jane. Good for them. I'm not ready for that bit yet.

"If a girl who became my wife now were to find it annoying to spend the day picturing her husband with a beautiful doll in his arms, she'd find the irregular hours of my work just as hard to take.

"When I'm working, I'm up and out of the house at dawn, which would preclude starting the day together with a cozy breakfast for two. But it's the post-working time that would make a wife of mine complain even more. You see, I'm not accustomed to making a dash for home as soon as the director says, 'Wrap it up.' I have to unwind and relax, in the only way I know how. I return to my dressing room on the lot which is really my retreat. It's a comfortable, cluttered little two-room apartment with a refrigerator and hot plate which would, at the moment, provide real competition for home life. I have what amounts to 'open house' in my dressing room and lots of people who work on the picture with me drop in and we sit around for hours and have a bull session. Over a drink, we'll talk about lots of things, and sometimes this goes on until late at night. No wife in her right mind would stand this sort of thing for long.

"I've been working in pictures all of my adult life and sitting around like this with my pals is such a fixed habit I'm not likely to break it so quickly. It's part of my working life. I'm afraid I couldn't give it up just like that and go home to the wife and the hot dinner at the stroke of six or seven. It just wouldn't be fair to ask any girl to go along with that.

"A girl who didn't understand show business wouldn't be able to take it if her husband breezed in at all hours when shootings run late, or if he comes home with his leading lady's perfume on his suit from the last clinch.

"An actress would be more understanding, which holds some conflicts for me. It so happens that I'm attracted to career girls. I find them stimulating and fun. I admire girls who work and are creative, so it's just as likely as not that I'd fall for an actress.

"But unfortunately, I'm one of those unreasonable guys who just doesn't go for the two-careers-in-one-family doggerel. I would want a wife to place my interests first instead of concentrating on her own career problems. When I come home I'd want her to sympathize with me if things didn't go well, and celebrate with me if they did. She couldn't very well cater to my seesaw whims if she had too many professional concerns of her own.

"And between films she couldn't pick up and go with me

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"ACTRESS friends understand my crazy hours," says Bob, now in "Stopover Tokyo," while Natalie is in "No Sleep Till Dawn."

VISITING Natalie for a pleasant afternoon at her place is one of the pastimes Bob is in no real hurry to give up for matrimony.

I must be ready to abandon my footloose bachelor ways for good"

"SOMEDAY the right girl will come along and make me realize how silly I've been."

The Hayworth Magic

As a lady with a highly susceptible

heart in her latest movie,

"Pal Joey," flame-headed Rita radiates the kind

of fascination that's made her

one of the screen's most exciting stars

SWINGING to the syncopation of Frank Sinatra's drums, Rita seems to be taking his mind off the business at hand.

SORCERY in a song (or a bottle of perfume) is almost too much for a mere man when it's Rita's personal brand.

photos by Zinn Arthur

NEGLIGEE or evening gown sets off the Hayworth face and figure equally well. Columbia's "Pal Joey" is based on a Broadway musical. **END**

ERNIE KOVACS

Man in

"OPERATION MAD BALL": His movie debut in the Columbia comedy stars Ernie as a stuffy captain who's the terror of his men.

Motion

photos by Coburn, Jr.

Dashing off a novel in two weeks or making a movie is child's play for Ernie, who used to work 22 hours a day

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

THE secretary who let us in was very reassuring. "Yes, Ernie Kovacs lives here." She disappeared for a minute and her voice floated over an intercom system. We were downstairs, and Ernie Kovacs was upstairs. The foyer, in which I was waiting, was painted a rich dark brown and dimly lit by a chandelier.

The interesting thing about it was that it looked like a museum. Two complete suits of armor (including visored headpieces) were standing there. Fortunately, they didn't move. They were surrounded by weapons of medieval war—jousting poles and shields, paintings, a couple of helmets with iron-mesh veils. And a bishop's chair.

"Edie (that's Edie Adams, wife, and star of 'Li'l Abner') didn't care for all that armor at first," Ernie said, later. "I guess women are supposed to laugh at armor the way men laugh at hats. 'But this bishop's chair,' I told her, 'It's more than three hundred years old.'

" 'Yeah,' she said, 'It looks it.'

"For a long time, the kids—that's Kip, 8, and Betty, 10—refused to enter the apartment on the downstairs level." Lucky for them there was an entrance on the floor above.

"It scared the daylights out of them," Ernie went on. " 'Daddy,' they said, 'Can't you buy something else?' What I really wanted to buy was one of those elaborate outfits they used to put on the war horses. But I thought maybe that would be too much—besides you need a horse to set it on. Anyway, the kids aren't afraid any more.

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"If you can make a living doing this, why do anything else?" says Ernie, now starring in the wacky comedy, "Operation Mad Ball"

FROM ALL angles, Ernie is good for a laugh. Called the most original of TV comics, he will be a regular on "What's My Line?"

"The bad thing about that armor is it reacts to changes in weather. We had a spell of moist weather for about ten days and everything in the place turned brown. Good thing we had this English chauffeur at the time. He seemed to be very knowledgeable about armor, so I bought him some wax and let him at it. Poor fellow."

The secretary led us up to the first floor landing and there was another dazzling collection—Wedgwood ware and beautiful white Oriental figurines and, on pedestals, were a couple of jockey-size blackamoors.

"How many rooms are there?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Lots of rooms." Right off the landing were two 25-foot-long rooms. They were the living room and dining room, looking very inviting despite their formidably elegant antique furnishings.

A couple of steps up from the landing was the den. One wall of it was bright with books. Three other walls were heavy with an arsenal of guns, all sizes. Unloaded. Beyond the den was an enclosed sunroom where Edie's hand had created a sparkling, gay atmosphere. Behind a long coffee table was a long sofa covered in bright blue linen and loaded with red, yellow and lavender cushions. There were white wrought iron tables and lounging chairs.

As he talked, Ernie Kovacs lounged in one of the chairs, looking long (6′2″) and not so lanky (210 pounds) with a cigar in his mouth and two in the pocket of his sports shirt.

"THE kids used to have a pool at one end of the terrace," Ernie said, pointing outside. "They'd get in and splash around and the tenants 19 floors down got drenched—they always thought it was raining. So we gave up the pool."

"What happens to all the furniture out there when it rains?" I asked him.

"We have this very nice butler," Ernie said. (The very nice butler—a small, plump Japanese man had just set a table for lunch at one end of the sunroom.) "As soon as it starts to rain he goes out and brings all the furniture inside. When the rain stops he takes it all out again. When the rain starts he brings it in . . ."

Ernie didn't know how many rooms there were either. "A funny thing," he said. "I just found a room downstairs underneath the stairway. It has running water in it. I told Edie it would be a wonderful place for me to get away from it all. In case we have parties and I want to work I can go down there and lock myself in. Only thing is we don't have parties. I don't know, I just don't dig them. We never had a party here. We entertain at dinner a couple of times a week.

"You know what Edie and I like to do? We like to grab a plane Saturday night and fly somewhere and come back Monday morning. We take the kids with us. They're always with us. We went to Cuba that way three times. I don't think the kids ever know what country they're in. But it's all the same to them. The only thing they're interested in is the swimming pool and they stay in it all day. They come out looking like prunes.

"We took them to Venice. They sat there in the gondola reading comic books. 'C'mon, give me those books,' I said. 'I want you to look at the scenery.' They were more interested in Donald Duck.

"But we take them every place. We sit down at a table with them and we have more animated conversations than we could have with some adults."

EXCHANGING witticisms on the set with Dick York. Ernie says, "I just get into a business long enough to start trouble, then get out."

Ernie said he was a little peeved at the misconception most people have about performers' children. The misconception is that they never spend any time with their parents.

"Especially now that I don't have a daily routine," he went on. "I see them all the time. Beginning with breakfast. And even when I'm working—maybe writing—and the kids come in, I always stop to spend time with them. They probably wonder what the heck I do for a living, because it looks to them as if I didn't do any work at all.

"We take them out to Travers Island a lot—it's about a half-hour drive. There's a club out there and they go swimming. Wednesdays and Saturdays I take them to an afternoon movie and we meet Edie for dinner.

"OF COURSE their biggest thrill is when Edie takes them downtown. They go shopping and have lunch together. If there's a matinee Edie takes them to her dressing room. There's a little balcony above the stage and they go up there and watch the whole show from the wings. Naturally, they know it by heart. The kids'll give up anything to spend the day with Edie.

"When she shops she buys a lot of mother-daughter outfits and they're tickled. The other day the three of them worked out a soft-shoe routine and surprised me with it. They were really terrific, but I didn't let them know it. I don't want them to be performers. That is, I won't groom them for it. When they grow up they can be anything they want.

"This February, Edie and I may go to London—strictly for kicks—to do some commercial TV. Ah, yes, once again I'll hear someone say, 'He's ahead of his time. It's good but—'

"I've heard this all my life. The director or the producer of the program will call you aside and say, 'Really, it's great. I understand it. The crew understands it. The head of BBC understands it, but the average guy in the street—he won't understand it.'

"It turns out that the only fellow who really understands it is the average guy in the street. He'll come right up to you and say, 'I bet those squares up there don't know what you're doing.'

"But before we go to London I'm planning to stage a Martha Raye revue and a musical called 'Solomon Grundy.' I'm an interloper into every business," Ernie laughed. "I just get in long enough to start trouble and then I get out.

"I expect to do a few spectaculars on TV—maybe four or five. But no regular show. This isn't the year. The regular show has had it this year. Everybody got on the bandwagon telling everybody else what's wrong with the regular show. Actually, a regular show is the best kind to have—if you don't over-extend yourself. It creates habit dialogue, and you know how difficult it is to break a habit.

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Around the world in blouse

The big new lantern sleeves make your blouse very 1957. Match the red and green or brown and turquoise to a plain skirt. By Dorothy Korby, about $7.

and skirt

By Natalie Wood
Warner Bros. star now in "No Sleep Till Dawn"

photos by William Connors

Quickest route to complete fashion coverage is a blouse wardrobe, some skirts, and a talent for mixing

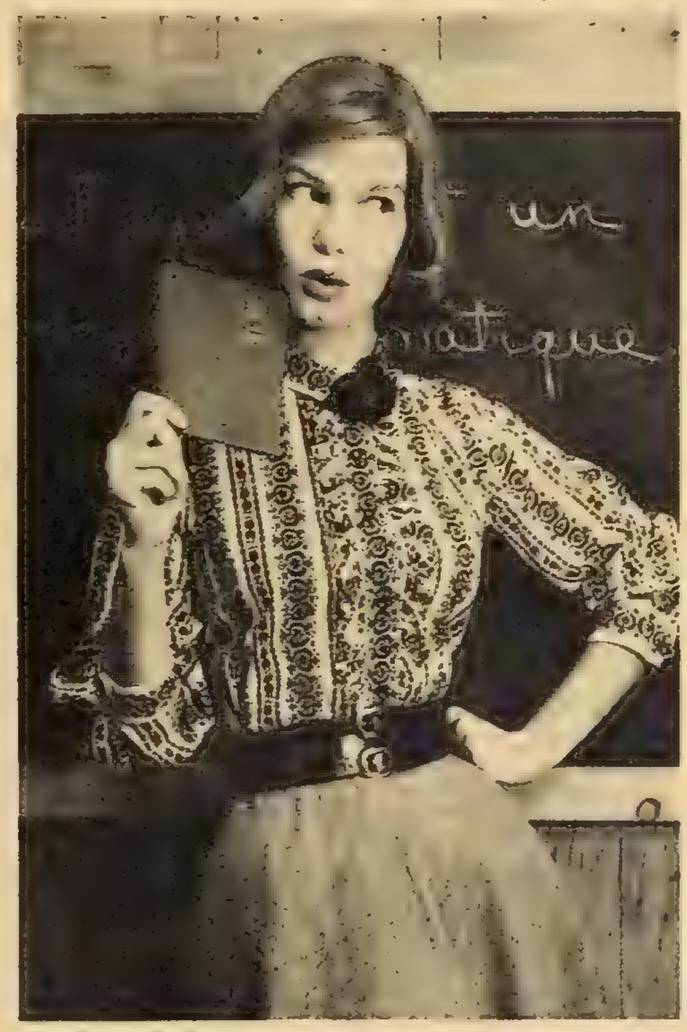
CAN you possibly imagine life without that wonderful invention—the blouse and skirt? It's too awful even to think about! A blouse can be so many things—from the classic white shirt to a velvet scoop for evening. A skirt can be a blessed basic—or a conversation maker in its own right, all drape or panel or fan of pleats. With the right top, teamed with the right bottom—you can go around the world —and collect admiring glances at every stop.

If you're a blouse collector, and who isn't, now's the time to plot your strategy for the new school season. As always, planning is the secret of getting the most fashion mileage from your separates wardrobe. Falling for every cute blouse you see is one thing. Choosing carefully and cagily for maximum rotation is another. First of all, you'd be a smart girl to collect your skirts first—because you buy fewer of them, and because they represent a bigger investment. Let's say you start off with three new skirts. Be sure they are as different as possible from each other. If you buy a straight version first, next look for a full, flared or pleated one. Your third might be a wrap-around, or maybe one of the new flying panels. Vary the colors and patterns, too. Add a check or plaid to a plain, and then branch out to a tweed or a new knit. At any rate, avoid picking three straights, or three fulls, or three patterns—that will give you no variety at all!

Once you've got your skirts on hand, you're ready for the fun of picking blouses. And here's where you have a chance to come up with a dozen totally different costume looks, if you choose carefully. Aim at having each blouse blend with at least two skirts. Vary your colors and styles—if your first blouse has a flip-up collar, make sure your second one has a little round one, or perhaps a jewel neckline with no collar at all. If one blouse is crisp and tailored, make the next one feminine and ruffled. Try a plain color to match one of the shades in your checked or plaid skirt, then switch to a print, either light or dark, to top your solid skirt. Vary the *mood* of your blouses—some sporty, some dressy, some sweet. A well-balanced collection of blouses enables you to reach in the closet and come up with a costume for any occasion.

Naturally, what you add to your blouses and skirts makes the difference between a mere top and bottom—and a put-together fashion look. Jewelry, scarves and belts complete the costume, and here you want variety, too. Switch from gold charm bracelets to pearls, alternate wide belts with narrow ones, jump from print scarves to plain ones. You'll be amazed at the number of kids who say: "I wish I had your clothes allowance!"

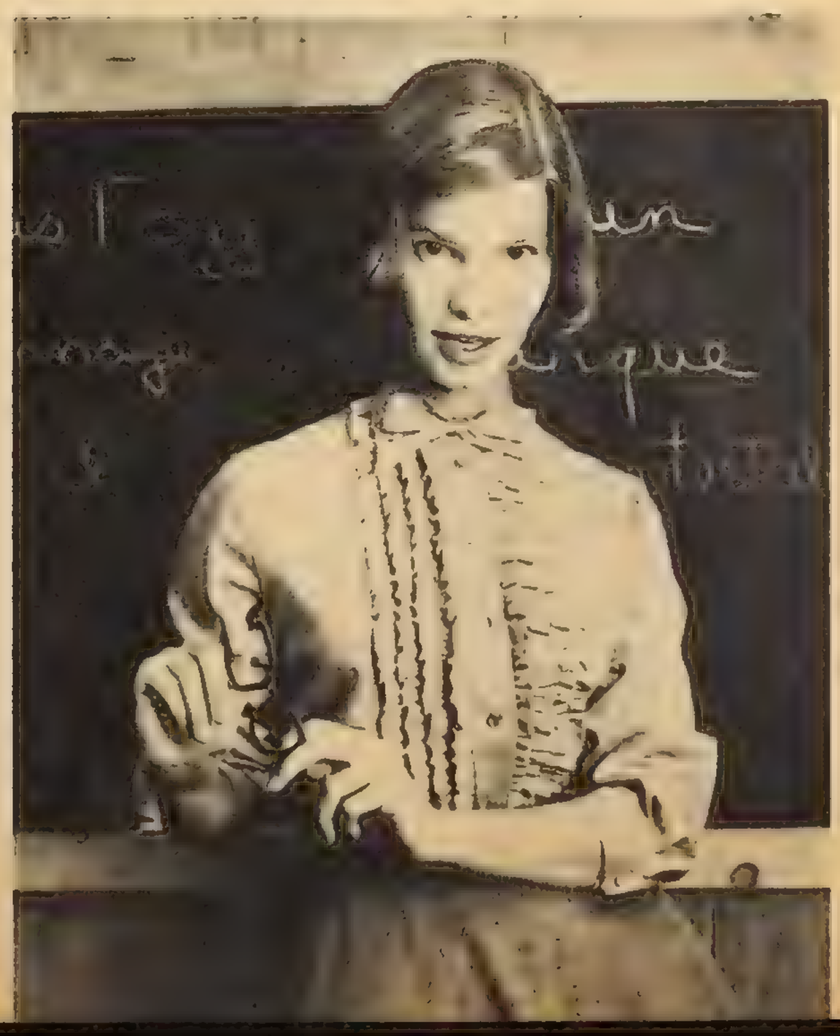
END



The famous Hathaway shirt, beautifully tailored in checked cotton gingham. Comes in maize, pink, grey, blue, red, brown, black. About $9.

Frilly little ruffles ripple down the front of one of the new Oriental-looking cotton prints. Black on white or beige. By Dorothy Korby. About $6.

And of course you must have a drip-dry blouse! Three rows of ruffles and a bow in cotton. By Morlove. About $7.



The Return Of The Native

continued from page 39

Murph also had his moments with the fans. In Saigon, they'd wait for him at his quarters in the Majestic Hotel. A glance at the hotel with its Mediterranean architecture and turn-of-the-century charm, and it appeared like a gracious landmark. Yet, peek inside the lobby and see an excited gathering.

Sometimes the group would swell to several hundred. When it did, a clerk would call up to Audie's room and politely inquire when he was going out.

One day it was three in the afternoon and he wasn't leaving until seven. When he came downstairs, four hours later, he was amazed to find the entire group patiently waiting.

Another surprise for Audie was that most of them had passport-size photos of him. "Sounds like real popularity," we ventured. Murph shot us a glance. "There was a vendor outside, who'd set up shop. This means he got some photos when he learned we were to work there, spread a handkerchief on a curb near the entrance and was in business."

"But," we persisted, "the people still didn't have to buy." The compliment seemed to embarrass him, so we changed the subject.

"What was your next port-of-call?"

"Rome," he replied, "where Pam joined me."

"Didn't you celebrate your seventh wedding anniversary there?" we inquired.

"Yes and no," he answered, a slow smile turning the corners of his lips. "I knew we had an anniversary coming up, but I'm no good at dates, so I had a crew member primed to remind me."

The morning of the anniversary arrived, and Audie said nothing. Before he left for the studio, Pam rode herd on his seeming forgetfulness.

"I hadn't forgotten," Murph confided, "but the whole thing got my goat, so I just let her think I had. The next day, I gave her some dirty old lira and suggested she go shopping."

ITALY held a mixture of memories for Audie. It was just 13 years ago that foot soldier Murph had fought his way up the Italian boot and was stationed in a pup tent in Rome's Borghese Park. This time, he had a suite in the Grand Hotel, was starring in a movie, and had one of his films playing at the main theatre appropriately dubbed in Italian.

Although his memory for dates may be faltering, his remembrance of friends and events don't fade. During his two months in Europe, he had three free days. One of these he spent at Anzio, the scene of the bloodiest battles of the war. The way he described the town reveals much of Murphy's character.

"Anzio is a sleepy little beach resort. To look around, it didn't seem like there had ever been a war there. Only an occasional piece of fighting equipment on the beach recalled its past history.

"The one thing that makes you stop and remember is the cemetery. Seeing those miles of white crosses, and knowing what they stand for takes away the holiday spirit."

As Audie took the train back to Rome, his mind must have been filled with thoughts of Salerno, Monte Cassino, and Anzio. When he rejoined Pam and the others, he seemed more solemn and withdrawn. He by-passed the usual tourist "musts" to rent a car and spend a day driving through the countryside.

His illness and the extensive locations drew-out the shooting schedule. So, from time to time, when homesickness got the best of the Murphys, they would phone their two sons via Trans-Atlantic.

Recalling one conversation with his three-year-old Skipper, Audie laughed, "All he'd say was an expression he'd heard on a TV Western. 'Can't talk, pardner. Got to get a chaw of tobaccy. Ptttt—ding!' "

For these words of wisdom, Murphy paid out a small fortune. Six-year-old Terry as well as small fry Skipper also kept their parents informed via the mail. Terry's "letters" were to the point. "To Dad with love. Terry Murphy." Skipper's consisted of drawings of gorillas and alligators. There was no substitute, however, for actually seeing the children. Soon as Audie's part was completed, the Murphys spent one day in France and them boarded the S.S. United States for the trip home.

"You know," he grinned, "that ship has the greatest food. In five days, I gained 10 pounds." Pam claimed it was the release from tension and the thought of going home that made Audie eat like crazy all day long.

It had been five months since he'd seen Terry and Skipper. He withstood their screaming, hilarious welcome and bear hugs to push them back, and take a deep hungry look. Although his eyes said something else, his greeting was, "You two need a haircut."

So, two hours after his return home, there was Murphy in the barber shop seeing that his youngsters had "gentlemen's haircuts." One reason why Audie is a barber's best friend flashes back to his own childhood. "I never had money for clothes, much less 25 cents for a haircut." When his locks got too long, someone would sit him down, get a pair of choppers, and crop his hair so it looked as spiky as a straw pile in a windstorm. You can bet his youngsters never have any such problem.

Murphy's label-splashed luggage never had a chance to gather dust, for quicker than you could say Denver, Colorado,

TEMPORARILY escaping the hordes of fans who trailed him, Audie tries to relax.

Audie was en route there to check up on his racing quarter-horses. "I can't keep to budgets," he volunteered. "If I see a good buy in a horse, I buy it." Murph had seen 10 such "good buys." They hadn't won a race while he was in Europe. But, upon his arrival in Denver, they won five races in two weeks, which meant they'd pay for their oats.

It's true no one can list his horses as liabilities. Besides his racers he owns eight mares and a half-interest in a thoroughbred, Depth Charge, which he bought from the King Ranch in Texas.

After the Denver sojourn, Audie unpacked his bags and settled down for a spell. "I hope the San Fernando Valley is my mailing address for quite a while."

It looks like Audie will get his wish. His movie autobiography, "To Hell And Back," was such a smash success that Universal-International has already put him to work on a sequel, "The Way Back." It will deal with his discharge from the service, his Hollywood struggle, his marriage, and other highlights of his post-war life.

It's a very few young men, who at 33, have a Congressional Medal of Honor, a thriving career, a happy home and family, and two movies dealing with their life. Pam Murphy agrees. In true Murphy style, Audie dismisses his wife's pride with, "Now you just mind your manners, or I'll have you play yourself in the picture." Pam, who shies away from even a candid photo, withers at the thought. Then, as an added tease, he continues, "or, maybe one of those glamorous blonde stars should play my wife."

The devilment that shows through his grinning eyes makes it clear he has no such thought. But as it was in Hong Kong, Saigon, Rome, and Hollywood, such conversation does take the spotlight off of Audie, and that was what he was angling for all along. **END**

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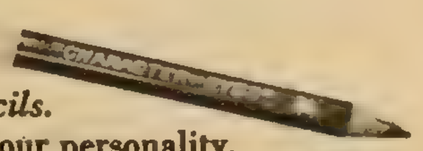

Your choice of one of the 5 famous Patricia de Paree *Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils.* Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality. You'll love the natural look of your glamourous new eyebrows. Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Parlor" appearance.

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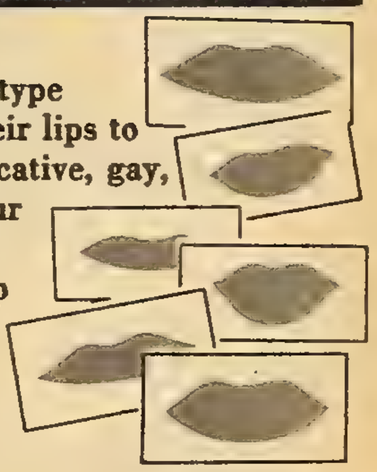

These delicately-shaped Lip Outlines are the type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. If you were to pay $1.00 for the Lip Forms alone the exotic shape of your lips would be worth it. Yet these lip forms come to you as only part of this 18 Glamor-aid set.

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I get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil
1 ..... *(order by color)*

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Interview With Jean Seberg

Hollywood's newest star tells you about her Cinderella-story-come-true . . . about beauty problems, clothes, boys and her future.

Buy the first issue of **Miss** *Magazine, now at all newsstands*

Coming Attractions

continued from page 12

Operation Mad Ball

FORTUNATELY, for the war effort, World War II was over when Army Sergeant Jack Lemmon began his scorched earth campaign against C.O. Captain Ernie Kovacs. Hand in hand with this determination to outwit Kovacs at every curve, Lemmon has further sworn himself to revoke the army regulation that says enlisted men must not become unduly familiar with Army nurses—some balderdash or the other about rank. To keep amour flourishing, Lemmon dreams up a ball, a sort of mad Bacchanalia where women let down their hair, champagne corks pop, and he can lower the bars with Lt. Kathryn Grant. The trick now is how to accomplish these miracles without Kovacs knowing. With an impressive cast of funnymen—Mickey Rooney, Arthur O'Connell, I.Q. Jones and Lemmon—it's really TV star Kovacs who keeps things ripping along in this latest farce. (Columbia.)

The Sun Also Rises

OUR times have been neatly tabbed "the age of anxiety." It sounds real wicked. But compared to what went on in the days of "the lost generation," the people who remained to pick up the pieces after World War I, our neuroses are small potatoes. Caught up in the frenzy of pandering to one's own weaknesses, Ava Gardner skips like a nymph down the DeLuxe Color path of romance. Country after country and man after man flit by like so many milestones along the route. There's American in Paris newspaperman Tyrone Power—with him, it's love, the real thing, mind. Unfortunately, wars have a nasty way of changing some men. It's all disconcerting to Ava to say the least, and by way of forgetting Power she plunges into a mad, giddy whirl with wastrel Errol Flynn after beating off tycoon Gregory Ratoff. Another ex-amour, Mel Ferrer, doesn't give up as easily as Ratoff. He manages to head for Spain just around the time Ava and Flynn arrive for some bullfighting and fireworks. One look at matador Bob Evans, who looks as though he were poured into his clothes and put in a freezer to set, and Ava is off again. This time, she has sense enough to do her repenting in Powers' protective custody. Sultry romances that loosely tie together a flashy collection of unhappy, lost characters in the best Ernest Hemingway fashion. (20th Century-Fox.)

NEWSMAN Ty Power is only one of Ava Gardner's loves in "The Sun Also Rises."

A Town Like Alice

THOUGH this has nothing at all to do with the Ukraine, there's a saying that comes from thereabouts which says that courage is the strength to hang on one moment longer. In this, the people have that sort of endurance. Taken prisoners by the Japanese when Malaya was invaded during the last war, a group of Englishwomen and children are sent on a death march that lasts eight months and takes the lives of all but a handful. When one woman dies soon after the almost endless trek begins, Virginia McKenna takes over the care of her three young children. Sickness, starvation and degradation snap at their weary heels like a pack of mad dogs. Yet even amidst all this, romance manages to break through when Virginia meets Australian prisoner of war Peter Finch. Then, that too ends horribly when Finch is tortured and sentenced to death for stealing chickens for the starving marchers. Based on what is reported to be true fact, this tense experience isn't for the faint of heart.... (J. Arthur Rank.)

MEETING of Pvt. Jack Lemmon and nurse Kathryn Grant starts "Operation Mad Ball."

No Down Payment

TRIES to give a reassuring answer to the troubled young marrieds who might find life a purposeless barrage of debts, doubts and disillusionment. As a cross-section that takes in just about every problem a couple can dredge up, this shows four Mr. and Mrs. teams: Cameron Mitchell-Joanne Woodward; Tony Randall-Sheree North; Jeffrey Hunter-Patricia Owens; Pat Hingle-Barbara Rush—all snug and comfy in their push-button development homes. Neighbors all, it takes little, just a 5-1 martini or two, to remove the finish from the veneer. Perhaps the most obvious fault shared by all is discontent with the way life has doled out its scant prizes. Remarkable performances make this a powerful insight into a way of life. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Spanish Gardener

THE son of an over-protective father, young Jon Whitely stirs up a full-blown fuss when he and gardener Dirk Bogarde become chums. Far from delicate, as diplomat father Michael Hordern would have everyone believe, Jon is a real type boy—as sensitive English lads go,

that is. Bogarde has him digging merrily in the garden, getting genteelly steamed up over *pelota*, the local version of cricket combined with a sort of high pressure lawn tennis, and trout fishing. Daddy-o doesn't dig the relationship. He stews in jealousy and finally leaps at a trumped-up opportunity to accuse Bogarde of theft. Luckily, tragedy is averted when Hordern realizes his error and as an added fillip shows he's a real wizard at setting fugitive Bogarde's arm. The Technicolor story is about as slim as a view of Bogarde in profile, perhaps because Bogarde, one of Britain's top attractions, doesn't strike you as being particularly the outdoorsy sort of chap. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Careless Years

IF this continues to go by this title, it will be one of the classic misnomers of the year. Certainly, the dilemma teenagers Dean Stockwell and Natalie Trundy face up to seems very far removed from hot-rods, crew-cuts, and rock 'n' roll. These kids are loaded with cares! And so young, too! Not yet graduated from high school, in the process of going steady, they become so emotionally entangled, there seems to be no way out except to sneak off somewhere or get married. Since both are honorable and decent youngsters, marriage becomes the only solution, despite all parental objections, logic and reasoning. Fortunately, before they take the steps that might make a shambles out of two promising young people, they have sense enough to bow to common sense. Bold, frank and very well done story with Natalie and Stockwell turning in performances that are impressive in sincerity and grasp of the problem. (United Artists.) **END**

You Wanna Rassle?

continued from page 43

"It's not that I don't like those who are intellectual. I admire *sincere* intellectuals. And I have my serious moments when I 'balance' my life with weighty conversation and books. But I don't make a production out of such moments.

"Frankly, I like to date younger men, those around my age, because they're more interesting and not so anxious to analyze me. I've dated only one man who was older than 32.

"I could never go with a man who let me boss him or dominate him," Joan said candidly. "I admit I'd probably take terrible advantage of him for a while but then I'd drop him fast. I couldn't respect any man I could rule. I need a strong person—otherwise I can get quite out of hand and become rather difficult."

In the past when Joan was having many dates she got herself into more than a few embarrassing moments. Sev-

continued from page 67

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Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, CBS-TV star

YOUNG **Diahann Carroll** does vocal justice to one of America's least appreciated composers, Harold Arlen, in an excellent Victor album. When Arlen standards are bunched together, it's a fantastic collection—not just hits but hits in the most impeccable musical taste. A shimmering slice includes "It's Only A Paper Moon," "My Shining Hour," "Over The Rainbow," "Come Rain Or Come Shine," etc., etc., etc. . . . At quite an opposite pole from Miss Carroll sits **Ella Mae Morse.** Ella's rockin' and rollin' in fine fettle. "I'm Gone" and "Sway Me" are first rate specimens of the current style that keeps the juke boxes busy (Capitol). . . . **Nelson Riddle,** he who provides most of the backgrounds for Capitol's stable of singers, steps into the spotlight himself with a couple of instrumentals, "Rue Madeleine" and a South Sea smoothie labeled "Tangi Tahiti." . . . The man with the name like a cigar, **Roy Tann,** wins a box of Havanas for his latest effort. "Hot Rod Queen" has a beat that would break records on any drag strip—*mucho* horsepower. The flip side is a quick change of pace with a Latin-beat exposition on the romance-producing qualities of "Acapulco" (Dot).

■

Another queen-sized musical package from **Sarah Vaughan**—"Sarah Vaughan Sings George Gershwin," two 12-inch LP's loaded with pop classics from the pen of America's greatest tunesmith. To single out any one of the 22 offerings for special recognition would be a disservice to the rest of the timeless standards (Mercury) . . . **Joni James** may have rediscovered her magic hit formula with her latest M-G-M recording "Summer Love"—its beat is strong, its chances are good. The flip side, "I'm Sorry For You, My Friend," should be no detriment to sales, either. . . . **Eddie Calvert,** a trumpeter who need not doff his horn to any man, stands in front of Norrie Paramor's Orchestra as he skillfully turns out a pair of tunes from Columbia Pictures' "Beyond Mombasa," the title song and "Jungle Moon" (Capitol). . . . Another pair of instrumentals are worthy of note. **Buddy Morrow's** Orchestra moves richly and smoothly through two solidly constructed band numbers, "Easy Does It" and "Midnight March." Mr. Morrow really has a way with a swingin' instrumental (Mercury).

■

The original cast of "New Girl In Town," the solid Broadway hit based on Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," headed by **Gwen Verdon** in the title role, with **Thelma Ritter** and **Cameron Prud'homme,** does a glistening job on the show's many bright tunes and moody ballads. It may not be O'Neill but it sounds very good, nevertheless (Victor). . . . **Connie Francis** delivers a sultry, rhythmic lecture on the pains and pleasures of being "Eighteen." A teenager's life is not a simple one, apparently. The flip side is not a botanist's lament but a love ballad, "Faded Orchid" (M-G-M). . . . **Stan Kenton** has made his mark with big band jazz. So his latest album is something of an experiment. "Kenton With Voices" consists of a male quartet, "The Modern Men," and Ann Richards, backed by the Kenton aggregation tackling some standards including an old Kenton favorite, "Eager Beaver" (Capitol). . . . **Dino Rossi** and his Orchestra play the theme song from "The Monte Carlo Story" and a haunting instrumental number, "Eiffel Tower Blues," in fine Continental fashion (Dot). . . . **Billy Butterfield** and his Orchestra indulge themselves with some large chunks of nostalgia dished up in the form of practically everyone's favorite standards. The Victor album's title, "They're Playing Our Song," sums it up perfectly. . . . A voice to be reckoned with, **Ed Townsend,** does some fine folk singing on "Tall Grows The Sycamore," then switches to straight pop balladeering on "My Need For You" (Dot). **END**

You Wanna Rassle?

continued from page 65

eral times she was out with a man with whom she had broken a previous date, using the excuse, "I'm sorry but I have to study my script Tuesday night." Then in the middle of her following date with him she'd say, "I saw the most interesting show Tuesday night." She'd then try to pull out of this *faux pas* by saying a friend of hers had come in from New York and she had to show him the town.

"I only break dates with those men I don't really care for," Joan explained.

Joan usually accepts dates for concerts, cocktail parties, premieres or parties in someone's home because she enjoys such affairs, but often she forgets to mark such dates down in her book. Consequently, she makes other plans for the same evening and then finds herself in a social predicament.

"One night I had four dates for the same evening," she laughed. "But a couple had only been tentative. I had told the fellows I'd let them know."

Joan doesn't take dating lightly—as a rule. She enjoys going out and she can have fun at a barbecue or a ball, at a small party or a big affair, at a movie, or at an expensive night club. It all depends on the man. But in no case does she ever dress to please her date.

"I dress to please myself," she said flatly, "although I have learned where certain men are inclined to take me and I dress accordingly. I dated one man for the first time and I had a feeling I should wear slacks. I had never seen him wear a tie or get really dressed up so I reasoned he wouldn't be any different on the date. Sure enough he arrived at my house wearing a shirt, no tie, sweater, and slacks. We went to a small restaurant and to a movie. I frankly like going out in slacks. They're so comfortable.

"I do occasionally wear daring dresses —the cleavage type and all—but only when I feel like it, not because some man might like them on me."

There are certain types of men Joan will never date. For one, the gent who says to her, "Come on up to my place and I'll fix you a dinner" draws a blank with her. So does the type who goes with her only to be photographed with her. And she'll never date a man who keeps calling her when she continues to refuse to go out with him.

Joan lit a cigarette, leaned back in her chair, and said, "They say a girl regulates the kind of date she is to have and lets a man know how he is to behave. In some cases, this is so. But for some reason, I give the impression to men that I like the wrestling bit. Well, I'm not the Grace Kelly type, it's true, but I find I can let a man know he has me figured out wrong. If a girl digs a man she can let him know what kind of an evening she wants."

END

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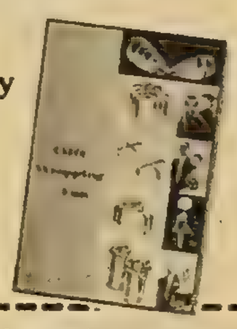

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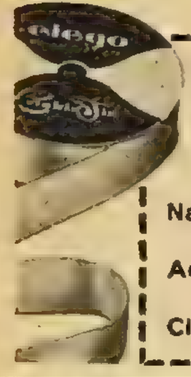

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"No Girl Should Marry Me!"

continued from page 50

when I wanted to go, and for as long as I wanted to be away, either. For that matter, neither could most girls, even those who didn't work. I want to start out for somewhere the minute I think of it. Sometimes I hop into my car and leave for my boat so fast that I forget to pack, and I spend a week on board in a pair of swim trunks or jeans. What girl would be happy with that setup? She'd probably want to plan, shop and pack away enough things to carry her over a definite vacation time.

"The other night I had a sudden yen to drive to Newport and spend the night on my boat. I took off and ended by cruising out into the ocean and tying up in Catalina for two weeks, with no thoughts about social obligations, phone calls or clothes. I've noticed that while many girls say they love a boat, once they're in the galley it's another story.

"Any girl in my life might have to play second fiddle to my boat, a 26 ft. Chris-Craft named 'My Lady.' She's a beauty and I spend much more money on her than I should. If a wife were to figure up the lamps and knickknacks for the house that she could buy with the dough I lovingly pour into 'My Lady,' she'd be furious, I'm sure.

"As a matter of fact, that would be another bone of contention. Houses and household possessions, which mean so much to the normal woman, are things I want no part of, at the moment. More reason for a girl declining me. I'm so used to being footloose I feel that I can't be happy if I'm tied down to a home and mortgage.

"I live in an apartment because I can turn the key in the door any day and high-tail out of there for weeks or months at a time. My parents have been after me for a long time to buy a house, but I don't want to. Yet, that's the first thing a wife would insist upon. Who can blame her? What girl wants to be confined to an apartment without enough closet space, when she can be up to her happy little neck decorating a home of her own?

"But I like the way I live. It's very cozy. I live in a two-bedroom apartment in Beverly Hills that's filled with large, comfortable pieces of Viking furniture and lots of old pewter, all of which a woman would probably want to toss right out and replace with modern things. The hi-fi is on all the time I'm home, and I can leave it on all day without it getting on anyone's nerves.

"With all my kidding about it, the reason I think any girl would be crazy to marry me now is because I couldn't cater to her as I think I should. I want to be sure I can make the adjustments from footloose bachelor life to a more settled routine which every girl has a right to expect when she gets married.

"There's the traveling. I love it, and I'm lucky that my job includes a lot of jumping around the world at studio expense. I was in Mexico for seven months when I worked in 'White Feather.' Last year, I froze four months in the Alps making 'The Mountain' with Spencer Tracy. I was in Japan for several months working in 'Stopover Tokyo' for 20th. In between, I fly all over the U.S. on personal appearance tours.

"Which brings me to another thing that would be a sore spot in my marriage. What to do with the little woman? Should she come along? Truthfully, I'm of the opinion that she shouldn't. It's distracting, takes away from a man's concentration on the job and leaves the girl with a feeling of being left out. Comes more beefing. You see what I mean? And if there are babies, she certainly can't gallivant with her spouse. It just doesn't pan out successfully.

"Nor does it pan out to have the separations. I wouldn't want separations in a marriage of mine. I think they're the quickest route to the divorce courts. So until I can reconcile this situation in my own mind, I don't think I'd be the best candidate for the wedding ring.

"For me, marriage would be more ideal if the girl I marry and I can be together, provided, in my case, that she could put up with my moods. My disposition when I come home after a day's shooting is not always the best. Especially if I'm not satisfied with the way I've done my scenes, and I seldom am!

"I must admit, however, that I'm fairly good-natured before breakfast. I even sing in the shower. But whether it's the morning when my mood is pretty unin-

"CAREER girls are stimulating and fun," says Bob, who likes to date lively Natalie.

volved, or in the evening when I vary anywhere from happy to glum, I'm afraid I would expect a wife to understand me and baby me.

"On the other hand," added Bob, stretching his long legs leisurely, "I don't think I'd have much patience with a girl who goes off into a real moody mood. Maybe it's the selfish male animal in me, but I've always found it hard to fathom the girl who sinks into mysterious, silent spells. If a girl wants to be humored when she gets into one of those self-pity jags, I'm afraid she wouldn't find me a particularly sympathetic spouse.

"I like a girl who is happy all the time. That's asking for a lot. Don't mistake my declaration of independence," Bob added with a laugh. "Some day I'll meet the girl who'll make me wonder how I ever felt this way about marriage. After I find this delightful creature, I'll try to talk her into marrying me. And if she tosses these words of mine back in my face, I'll probably look very surprised and say, 'Was I ever foolish enough to say all that?'" **END**

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 10

attractive in "Bernardine," but not dynamic. In fact the film was thefted by unknown Richard Sargent, who can be a big star with the right stories.

It would be simpler for Mario Lanza's producers to have filmed his "Seven Hills Of Rome" in Hollywood. It wasn't fair to expose him to all that spaghetti and red wine in Italy. He has trouble dieting here, but there it's impossible.

I'm putting Tony Curtis' name down now for an Oscar nomination next March. His sleazy press agent role in "Sweet Smell Of Success" knocked me out of my rocker. This boy has it made as an actor. . . . It will be a race between Ann Blyth and Grace Kelly as to who has the most children. Ann has a good start with two in the nursery and one on the way. Both beauties want large families. . . . Which reminds me of when ZsaZsa Gabor was asked if she believed in big families, and she replied, "But of course darling. I believe every woman should have at least three husbands." . . . Little sister Eva believes the same, obviously. After three divorces, her romance with a top restaurateur is the talk of London tea tables.

"Elvis Presley is not a wolf," according to one of his girl friends, Anne Neyland. "Only one time did he start to get fresh," she told me. "Then he stopped suddenly and said, 'I never go too far with a girl I respect.'" That's nice to know. . . . And this is Sheilah Graham, signing off for now. **END**

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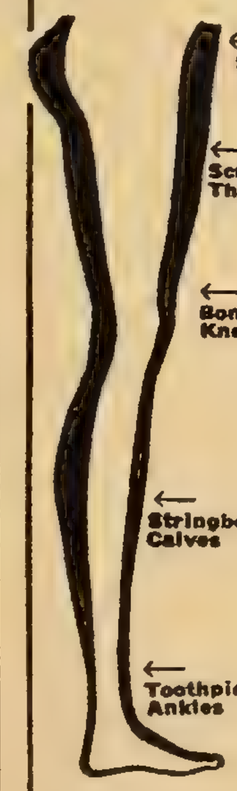

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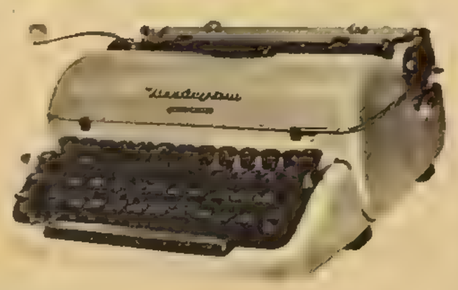

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Man In Motion

continued from page 57

"This business of going off every third week is no good. You try to catch someone's show and you can't find it. Then you forget when he's on. The next day you meet the guy and he says, 'Oh, I was off last night,' as if everybody knew it. Nobody knew it. It gets so you never know who's on or off.

"But if you give too much it's not appreciated. That's what happened to Sid Caesar who's a great comedian.

"They wanted me to carry the Caesar show through the summer, but I said no. For one thing you shoot all your best material. Instead, I wrote a book—to keep busy, more or less. But it wasn't just something I tossed off. It's a novel (called 'Zoomar') about my business—the characters you find in it, the language they speak."

In case you're wondering, Ernie was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1919.

And he went to high school in Trenton. After his voice changed he played the pirate king in a high school production of "Pirates Of Penzance" and was offered seven voice and acting scholarships. ("You see what they resorted to to get me out of high school.")

He turned pro and was heard singing throughout the Hamptons on Long Island. In between (there were always in-betweens and at least five projects going simultaneously) he played character parts on the stage. The trouble was, he thought his parts didn't haye enough character. So he formed his own stock company and wrote his own characters and decided he might as well design his own scenery. It all worked fine. When he dropped in on New York for the John Golden auditions he got all kinds of offers. What happened next is what makes Ernie different from other people. He took a job in a drugstore. He needed the money.

But when the store was out of cigars he went back to the theatre (in Brattleboro, Vermont), and worked so hard he wound up in a hospital. It wasn't much. He just had to stay there a year-and-a-half. "They called me Old Death's Door."

Ernie survived to risk his health on radio as a disc jockey and news commentator. In 1948, he won the H. P. Davis award for newscasting. He knew a lot about the news because he also wrote a daily column in a Trenton newspaper, and he knew how to write *that* because for five years he wrote mystery shows for radio. And gags for nightclub comics.

It was on Philadelphia radio that Ernie began to introduce all the zany characters that make up his comic repertoire. And in 1951 he was asked to come spring them on the world through NBC-TV. Which he did, on "The Ernie Kovacs Show," and on two or three other programs he got involved in.

ROLE of captain in "Operation Mad Ball" gives scope to Kovacs' brand of comedy.

"Then I went out to Hollywood to do a movie, 'Operation Mad Ball,' and I thought if you can make a living doing this, why do anything else? Everybody was so relaxed—they only had *one* picture to do—and everything was really very wonderful.

"It was great as long as I had something to do," Ernie added, reconsidering. "I mean if I knew that in four days I had to show up for a certain scene then I could spend my time loafing around a pool. But if I didn't have the work to look forward to I would've gotten restless.

"Making the movie itself was a lot of fun. It was almost like working ad lib. I didn't study my lines until I got on the set. If I'd known them too well I would have hammed it up.

"One night we had to shoot an all-night party. So we had a party. They delivered a couple of truckloads of champagne and we stayed up all night drinking. Meanwhile the camera was grinding out the party scene.

"What a difference from the way I used to work! I used to work seven days a week solid. I'd get to bed at 3:30 a.m. and wake up at 4. It wasn't really waking up, it was more like a nervous reaction. I'd put my hand to my chest and it would feel like fire. I'd take a shower just to get my body temperature down.

"I was always so tired. I'd crawl over to the studio and not be able to read a commercial for the first ten minutes. Then I'd have to take a breath between every word. A nice old lady wrote to me. She said, 'Dear Ernie, I suffer from asthma, too.' Finally, I quit the radio thing.

"It's wonderful now. My time's my own. Of course, I like to work. I'm just one of those people who likes to be busy. Fact is, I'm starting another novel soon."

Fact is, he's quite a guy. **END**

The Truth About Anthony Franciosa

continued from page 19

Perhaps this same warmth and tenderness first attracted Shelley Winters to him, too, when Tony and Shelley were starring together on Broadway in "A Hatful Of Rain." The two are married now, following a long courtship while Tony sought a divorce from his first wife. "It was just one of those things," says Tony, unwilling to say more.

Tony Franciosa was 18 before he discovered there was such a thing as the theatre or acting. "Until that time," he says, "I had never even seen a play." But then came the day when he went along with a friend who was being interviewed for a small role in a YWCA play. The director looked over at Tony, saw a tall kid with brown hair and hazel eyes, caught something in him that no one else had seen before, and said,

"Why don't you try out for this play, too, young man?"

"Me?" said Tony.

"Sure, you."

Even today Tony wonders why he did it. And yet he sensed that somehow it was right. "It seemed," says Tony, "that a whole new world was opening up for me, because of the work and the people I met. I knew that this was the kind of thing I wanted to do."

But there was no golden pumpkin coach to Broadway, waiting with four white horses for Mr. Anthony Franciosa, 18. It doesn't even happen in the movies anymore. What did happen was that Tony, not too hopefully, joined a group called Off-Broadway, Inc., dedicated to experimenting with plays and with actors. Here he won a four-year scholarship to the Dramatic Workshop where he came under the aegis of the renowned German director, Irwin Piscator.

Tony still laughs when he thinks of his stage debut. It was in "The Taming Of The Shrew," and he had to walk in a semi-circle across the stage wearing yellow tights. Rehearsals didn't bother him, but on opening night the ex-awning installer from P. S. 52 strolled halfway across the stage thinking of himself in that ludicrous outfit—and burst out laughing. The giggles wouldn't stop. He ended up with tears in his eyes. The audience thought the tears were tragic and real—and Anthony Franciosa got his first good acting notice.

Life sometimes twists things like that. And yet there was still the problem of getting other acting jobs, and then, says Tony, "in between I had to eat."

He took any work that promised a pay check, but his main worry was how to quit when a stage role beckoned. Once he was working as a checker in a restaurant and doing so well that his boss offered him the job of night manager. That same day he was also told he could have a part in a new play. "I really didn't know how to tell my employer I wanted to quit," Tony remembers. "I was chewing my nails trying to figure out a good excuse, when suddenly my boss walked in. He took one look at me wearing a dungaree shirt—and fired me."

On still another occasion Tony was actually waiting on tables in a girls' camp in upper New York State. One night a

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THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTHONY FRANCIOSA

continued

friend phoned that there was a possible audition awaiting him in New York. There was only one obstacle in Tony's way—money. He didn't have cash enough for the fare back to the city, and he knew that if he quit, there'd be no severance pay.

"My only solution," says Tony, "was to get fired. So I started breaking dishes."

Impulsive and direct-acting—that was Tony. You still see that in him today. He is, his friends will tell you, a most intense young man. Back a few months ago, when Tony was in New York for location filming on "A Hatful Of Rain," he tried to open a window in his room at the St. Moritz and severed an artery in his arm. It seems there was a patented catch on the hotel's casement type windows which Tony didn't understand, and in his battle to force the window open, he thrust his right forearm through the glass. It took seven stitches to close the wound.

Back on the 20th lot again, and not more than ten days later, Tony rehearsed a barroom fight with such intensity and with so much realism that he broke the arm wound open again. This time they added three more stitches and gave him a week's rest.

Intense, yes; but violent, no, even though he recently was given a ten-day jail term for slugging a photographer. As Tony, himself, explained: "I blow up once or twice a year. This time I got caught at it.

"The ironic thing is that if I'd slugged anybody six months earlier, nobody would have noticed. The movies certainly put you in a goldfish bowl."

Sometimes, with Tony, there may be only a thin, hot line between the impulse and the act. Shelley Winters still remembers Tony's first visit as an actor to the West Coast, when he offered to drive her home from a party. Apparently he saw no need to tell her that he had never learned to drive. "He took the wheel," says Shelley, "started the car by some miracle and took off. After a couple of blocks I directed him to make a left turn. Tony made a right hand turn. He also stalled the car and killed the engine, then confessed that it was his first time behind the wheel. I turned white. When I recovered, I decided to take over, so we could both get back alive."

That was a while ago, but even success hasn't made Franciosa a better driver. During his recent stay in Hollywood, Tony rented a car, then started practising so he could pass his driver's test. Almost immediately he got a ticket for driving without a license. A little later, he took time off from the picture, went to the Motor Vehicle Bureau and passed his test—then skidded on a wet spot in the road and blew out a tire. "I think," said Tony ruefully, after the studio sent a car to pick him up, "that the automobile and I are just not compatible and never will be."

"GOLDFISH bowl" life of a movie star took Tony (with wife Shelley) by surprise.

Well, though he may have two left feet when it comes to things mechanical, he can still plow a straight furrow on the stage or before the cameras. He went zooming up from the Dramatic Workshop to the New York Repertory Theatre, to the Players Group at Lake Tahoe, California, and then to the Shellwin Productions in Chicago, Boston, and Connecticut. He first hit Broadway in a supporting role in "End As A Man" and followed it with a small but potent role in "The Wedding Breakfast."

Whenever he could, he worked and studied at the famed—and controversy-stirring—Actors Studio, from which came Marlon Brando, James Dean, Susan Strasberg and a host of others. (A Miss Marilyn Monroe has acknowledged that the Actors Studio has helped her, too.) Of this working actors' laboratory Franciosa has said, "This is not a mystical, arty organization of mumblers, ear-tuggers or people trying to be different. This is one of the most important training grounds young actors have had in this country for the past 50 years."

Certainly everything that Tony had done and thought and felt helped him when his first big break came. On November 9, 1955, Michael Gazzo's play, "A Hatful Of Rain," opened in the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Anthony Franciosa, the kid who had never seen a play until he was 18, had the role of Polo.

Tony was an instant hit; the critics tossed their hats in the air over his talents and his warm and compelling personality. He won both the Outer Circle Award and the Drama Critics Award as the Best Supporting Actor and the Blum Award as the Most Promising Personality. Elia Kazan, the director who did "Baby Doll," chose Tony for the bright and ruthless Joey in his film production, "A Face In The Crowd"; MGM signed him for a starring role in "This Could Be The Night" and 20th Century-Fox selected him to recreate his original role in

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11-10S

THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTHONY FRANCIOSA

continued

the film version of "A Hatful Of Rain."

Women, they say, are going to drool over Tony as "Hollywood's latest heart rave and heartbeat." Heartbeat or no, the gals are going to talk about him; he has that curious mixture of strength and tenderness that seems to make the femmes flip. "You know something," a blasé MGM studio gal told this writer, "Tony stirred up such a storm in me when I saw his first rushes that I just had to send him a wire to tell him how great he was. I don't remember ever doing that before."

All Tony himself will say is, "That's very, very nice." He is still the quiet man, the searching man; perhaps even uncertain that he wants so much fame. On the set he keeps to himself; there is no record-player going in his dressing room—only the script. There are few books, fewer visitors. "I don't like," he says, "to discuss my personal life."

With some urging you discover what he does like: soup for lunch; the music of Glenn Miller; seafood and pizza; hillbilly tunes, the singing of Judy Garland and the gospel hymns of Mahalia Jackson; soft white shirts with button-down collars; the hubbub of New York; cats, politics and bullfights; Belafonte's records and playwright Mike Gazzo, "who gave me a real understanding of acting."

He still chews his nails and talks in a quiet, carefully reined-in voice; and you get the feeling that there are still riddles deep within him that he must always cope with.

Tony, of course, will probably always keep searching. There is, he knows, so much he has yet to find. **END**

Hollywood Love Life

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tor forbade her making the trip to join him, Rock's next for U-I will be "Twilight For The Gods," to be shot in the Hawaiian Islands and Phyllis vows she'll make that trip. After all, the weather there is more clement than in the Alps!

DATA ON DATES—Venetia Stevenson has been seen most with Tony Perkins. Tony recently gave her a Siamese cat named Benson—we know not why—and a portable radio with a built-in sun dial. So she'll always know what time it is? . . . Then when Tony went to New York for a quick vacation he dated ex-flame Norma Moore who has been working in Manhattan. These younger stars really switch their dates! . . . Joan Collins, who was dating Nicky Hilton, has switched back to Arthur Loew, Jr. About a year ago their friends thought she and producer Loew were about to wed, but she didn't get her final divorce decree. Now she has it and once again wedding bells are predicted. . . . Natalie Wood, who was also dating Hilton while Bob Wagner was in Japan, now is going "practically steady" with Bob. She spent her 19th birthday with him aboard his boat. They went fishing but all Nat caught was seaweed. Incidentally, Bob phoned Nat at least twice a week from Japan. And that's quite a budget item!

SPLITS—*Inger Stevens has her divorce and although she continues to have dates with Bing Crosby, their friends say they are not altar-bound. . . . Terry Moore and Eugene McGrath have a temporary reconciliation and Terry says a final decision about their marriage has to wait until she finishes "Peyton Place." . . . Jeff Richards and his wife Vicki have what they call an "amicable separation" and chums still hope they'll reconcile. Jeff has been sharing an apartment with Rod Taylor.*

HAWAII CALLS—Seems like the Hawaiian Islands are becoming Hollywood's back yard with so many pictures shooting there, plus vacationing stars. Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim McNulty had a leisurely holiday there, even going over on a slow freighter for a complete rest. Ann went all-out and let herself get a real suntan and freckles. She could allow herself this luxury because she won't be doing another picture until after the birth of their third baby in December.

BOONES WANT BOY—*Pat Boone and his wife Shirley, who are expecting another baby, are so eager for a boy they've selected the name Michael. They have three little girls. Pat was the Real Thing in his first film, "Bernardine." His fan mail is so heavy that his studio rushed him into a second picture, "April Love."*

THE Greg Bautzers part for the first time when Dana Wynter does film in Europe.

UNEXPECTED—There were lots of surprised people when Cliff Robertson and Cynthia Lemmon were married. Cliff was always the "old family friend" when Cynthia was married to Jack. Before son Chris visited him recently, Jack had the den of his house remodeled as a bedroom for the boy. A friend asked the period of decoration Jack chose for the room. "Early Childhood," said Jack. Quipster Lemmon swears the title of a cowboy ditty he's writing is "What Makes You Squint So On Your Pinto." And when Jack goes to Italy for "The Roses," will Felicia Farr be far behind? Their steady dates look serious.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE—*When Dana Wynter married lawyer Greg Bautzer she said she was quitting movie-making. But comes a good part and a girl often changes her mind. So Dana will do "Fraulein"—and in Germany, although she said she didn't want to be separated from her Greg. She invited him to go with her for the location but he declined—"I'm no stage mother," he said. But he will join her there for a post-picture vacation. Dana had to become a blonde for her role. At first she refused to bleach her hair on grounds that Greg might not like it. All types of wigs were tried, unsuccessfully, so finally she dyed for her art.*

HAPPY FAMILY—Doris Day, Marty Melcher and her son Terry form a family that really has fun together. All summer they were on a tennis kick. Now Doris and Marty are concentrating on rebuilding the house they bought in Beverly Hills. They liked the location and fell in love with the yard, with a big pool and an enormous tree, said to be the oldest in that tree-conscious town. But the house was oldish and rather unattractive, so the Melchers are ripping out walls, making additions and completely redecorating the place.

SHORT SHOTS—*Earl Holliman and Dolores Hart, still an item, decided on a different kind of date so had an old-fashioned picnic in the Fern Dell, a beautiful woodsy spot complete with babbling brook, in Los Angeles' Griffith Park. . . . Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. . . . Fred and June Haver MacMurray celebrated their third.*

BABY TALK—Just to prove that all babies don't look like Winston Churchill, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith began taking pictures of their daughter at the age of five days. Even at that tender age Tracey Leone Smith was a beauty with brown hair and dimples! . . . **END**

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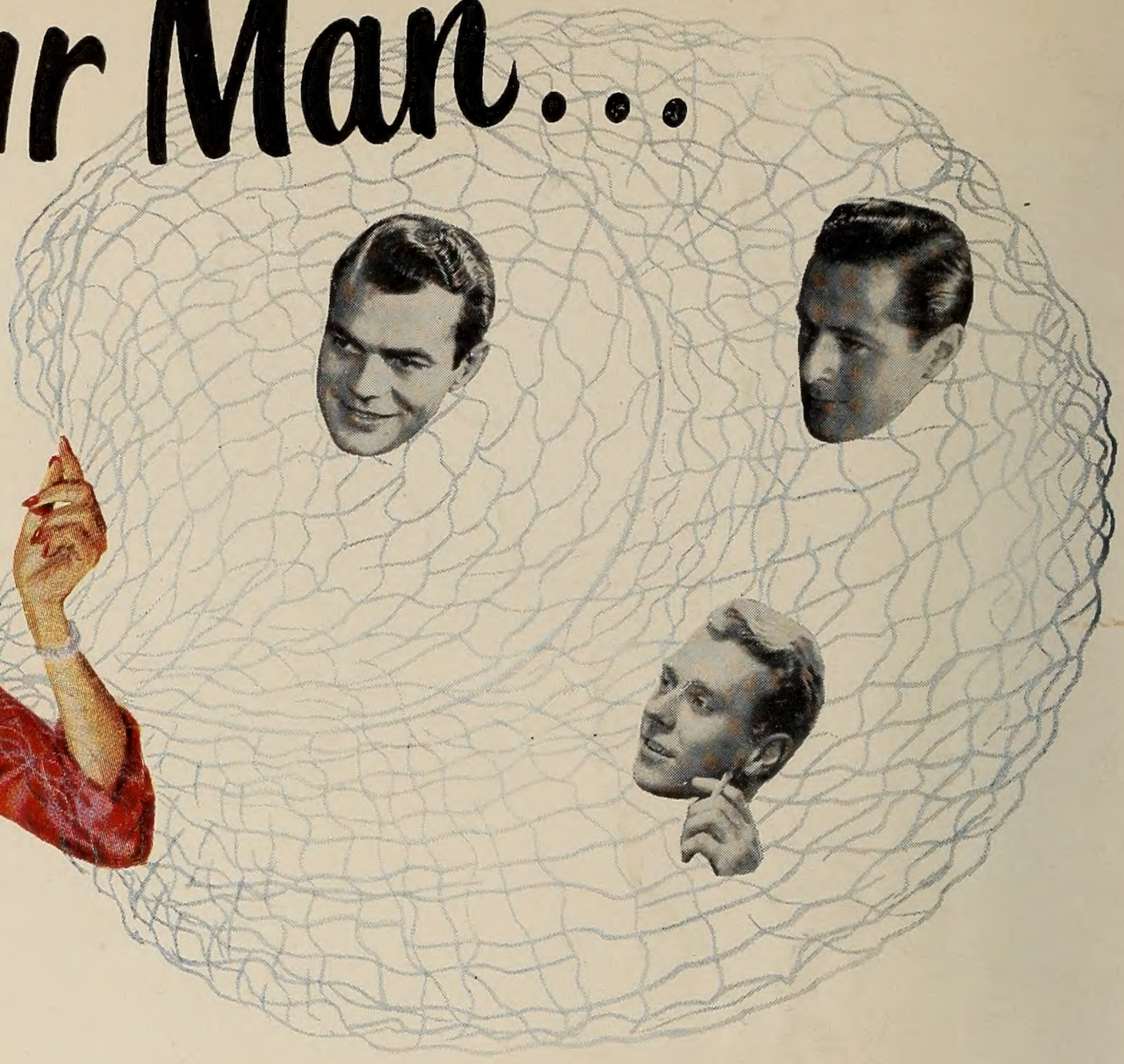

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